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MY DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
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If I should *die* to-night,
I wonder what'd be said
When the news was told on the morrow
"* * * * is dead!"

Thinking thus "I lay me down,"
And, praying "my soul to keep,"
Though not on a bed of down,
I soon was sound asleep.

I dreamed—oh, *such* a dream!
I dreamed that I was dead!!
And Rumor, with a scream,
Ran out the news to spread.

Charity was the first she met,
And Charity wiped her eye,
Saying, of much regret
That he so soon should die."

Religion next was told,
And was asked if I were known.
Religion her arms did fold,
And answered with a moan:
"We had missed him for many years,
And our hearts with sorrow burned;
But joy took the place of tears
When at last he repented—returned."

Society next was informed;
She shrugged her shoulders and said:
"To our rules he never conformed,
Still—I'm sorry—yes, I'm sorry he's dead."

Art was sorry—but "she'd no acquaintance
With the party;" that Rumor missed;
And though he'd tried to scrape an acquaintance,
She could not at the grave assist."

Business was next interviewed;
And when told of my loss of breath,
Said, "Though 'twixt us always a field,
We had nothing to do with his death."

To Music Dame Rumor went next,
Thinking, "*There* he'll sympathy find!"
But she answered (not one bit perplexed);
"Ah! I've thousands *alive* of his kind!"

When to Riches the old dame went
She said that "She didn't care;
She was busy (with her percent.),"
And bowed Rumor out with a stare.

When Pleasure was told of his fate,
She stopped for a moment her smile,
And said: "Though not with us of late,
He served many an hour to beguile.
We'd like to show our respect
For one that we knew well and hearty,
But to go to his grave you couldn't expect;
Besides, to-night we give a big party."

Then to Poverty's dwelling she went:
But so poor were the people in there,
That, to prate they couldn't give vent,
And only one or two offered a prayer.

When The Drama was told "He's dead!"
The manager gave quite a start,
Then turned to his prompter and said:
"Well, we've plenty can play *his* part!"

Then next 'twas told to each city,
And called "One of those telegraph capers!"
People read and quick said 'twas a pity
They "put such *trash* in the papers!"

The funeral came in the morning—
The mourner was solemn and grave:
Only Trouble was there, and in mourning,
And he followed me down to the grave.

* * * * * * *

The first clod of Potter's-field dirt
Hardly struck on the pine-box head,
When I awoke with a feeling of pain,
And found *I had fell out o' bed!*

But I could not help thinking right there
How lifelike it all did seem;
We may think the world is fair,
But the world is just like—MY DREAM!

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER I.

BEREFT.

"O-oo-o! Oh, dear!—oh, dear!"

"Hold your row there, will you?"

The childish, boyish voice, that which spoke last—unusually gruff and deep for a boy, and especially for such a round-faced, bullet-headed urchin as the young gentleman who, crouched on the coalscuttle, with his feet on the fender, his short gray trousers dragged up so as to show a liberal allowance of sturdy, bruised leg, untidy sock, and thick, round-toed boot, presented anything but a congenial or companionable aspect to the smaller boy, sprawling disconsolately along the broad, worn cushions of the window seat; and keeping up a plaintive sound between whining and crying, which stopped for a moment at the rough remonstrance of his elder—but only to set out again in a more subdued key.

"Oh! dear—oh! dear—I'm so tired; and I wish Enid would come. I do hate being shut up here *so*."

No answer this time beyond an impatient shrug; and the little boy drew himself up into a sitting position, and, pushing the damp black locks off his round, pale face with a little thin hand, the girl's looked nervously across the dusky, low-ceilinged school-room, strewed with books, toys, and slates, thrown about in every direction; and dimly lit by the fading twilight, and a few smouldering lumps of coal in the large, old-fashioned grate. There was nothing inviting in the prospect—nothing but darkness, litter, and confusion. For the very maps adorning the dull green walls were hanging aslant; the glass doors of the bookcase stood open, with a couple of books tumbling out; one of the heavy, faded damask curtains draping the big, diamond-paned window had got dragged down at the corner, so as to leave three huge brass rings waggling disconsolately in the air; and someone had left a wash-hand basin, with a couple of towels and a medicine bottle, on the heavy oak table, which, notched with ink and hacked with penknives, stood in the middle of the room, the only article which covered the floor. No, not a cheerful room then, by any means—not even taking into account the yellow-headed lad in the coalscuttle; and with something like a compromise between a sob and a sigh, Merle Kimardson turned to the window for comfort.

That was better—very much, but a little better. For the house stood in an angle of the road; and, looking over the high garden-wall, he could see not only a bit of lane and long grass meadows, sloping down to the willow-fringed river bed, but by "sidewing," as Yankees say, his head a little to the east, a glimpse of the spires of the master-places of Marshton Fallows, with the brightly-lit windows of the grammar-school to the left, and the towers of the minster beyond, standing up gray and majestic against the pale apple-green of the western sky, across which one long, reddish cloud, with a flame-colored fringe on the under side, was slowly floating.

For some few minutes, Merle's dark, sunken eyes found theme for amusement outside; but already the green sky was fading into gray, the flame-colored cloud had lost its brightness; and before many minutes Merle's head came back into his old position, and began to fret for tea.

"Didn't Jack know when tea would be ready?"

"No," Jack growled, without taking his chin from his hands, or his round blue eyes from the decaying embers in the grate.

"You'd better!" in a menacing tone, which made Merle shrink back and only venture a meek:

"Don't you want your tea, Jack?"

"No; I aint a greedy beast like you."

This was too much for Merle, and he burst into loud, fitful crying, in the midst of which the door opened, and an anxious, hurried-looking girl, neatly dressed, but with red rims now to her bright eyes, came in asking what was the matter, and adding a reproach for the noise. Merle ran to her, and took hold of her dress to detain her—continuing to cry, though less loudly.

"I'm so—so happy!" he sobbed out; "and Jack says I'm a beast. Mayn't I go away from here?"

"Well, I am surprised at you, Master Jack," said the girl, "to go quarreling with your cousin, and today too! It's no wonder he's grieved, I'm sure, and his poor aunt lying dead upstairs; but 'twould be more nat'ral if you was the same. I never see a boy so unfeeling in all my born days. Master Merle, dear, don't cry so."

"But I want Enid. Won't she come to us? And mayn't we have tea?" pleaded Merle, rubbing away the tears with one hand, while he still held her with the other.

"Tea! Oh, my dears, you must wait for that, for we are all too busy to attend to you. There's nurse calling me now, and I must go. Don't hold me, Master Merle, like a good boy. Miss Enid's with her pa, I think, or I'd send her to you. If Master Jack was kindly-like, you might comfort one another. There, now!"—and in answer to a whispered call in the gallery of "Martha, Martha, where are you?" the girl detached her fingers from Merle's clutch, and, giving him a kiss, hurried away.

Thus shut in again with his misery, Merle lay down on the carpet and sobbed, while Jack, who had never moved or looked up during the above colloquy, drew his knees closer to the grate; and so they remained, while the room grew gradually darker and darker, and the light of a solitary gas lamp at the corner of the garden-wall began to flicker weirdly on the crooked maps and the time-worn bust of Homer, on the top of the bookcase.

Very, very drearily the minutes dragged on; but even the dreariest times come to an end sooner or later; and by-and-bye the door opened again, and a little girl came in—a little girl between nine and ten years old—not pretty, and rather tall and large-boned for her age; but with peculiarly grave, sweet eyes of a bluish-gray color, and the same sweet, steady expression in the sad, colorless little face, which bore tokens of very lately wiped-away tears.

"Why, Merle," she said, setting down the chamber candle she carried on the oak table, and trying to lift the boy, who was about her own age, but looked younger by reason of his small size and delicate appearance—"don't cry, so, dear, don't. It would grieve papa worse to hear you; and you wouldn't like to do that, would you?"

"Stay with us, then, Enid," said Merle, rising willingly at her touch, and putting his arm round her neck. "I'm so wretched alone, and Jack's so cross. Promise you won't go away again."

"No, Merle, I'm not going away from you again," Enid answered soothingly; and though her manner was always gentle, it had an added element of motherly tenderness in it now, which made Merle cling gratefully to her, and Jack look up for a moment from the fire. He had turned round eagerly enough when Enid first came into the room; but when he saw her devote her first attentions to Merle, a gloomy expression came over his round, freckled face, and he resumed the old moody position. Enid, however, soon glanced towards him, and, coming nearer, said a little timidly:

"You've no fire here, Jack. Aren't you cold?"

"No," was the curt reply, given so grumpily that Enid shrank back again disheartened.

Merle repeated his reminder about tea, and asked Enid if she had had hers.

"No, I never thought about it; but it *is* late, and I dare say you want yours. Poor Merle!—wait a bit; the servants are all busy, but I'll try and get you some from the kitchen."

"But you'll stay away, Enid?"

"No, I won't, Merle; I promise you. I shall only be a moment."

And indeed Enid was as good as her word. In a minute or two she came back again, saying the kettle would boil in a few seconds, and smiling a little to cheer Merle—who, having rather expected to see the tea arrive behind her, felt proportionately disappointed at the delay. She did not come empty-handed, however, for she brought in a small bundle of sticks with her; and, kneeling down before the fire, proceeded to coax the embers into a blaze again. Jack let her alone for a minute or two, until she seemed likely to burn her fingers in the attempt to prop a lump of refractory coal on a piece of blazing wood; and then he pushed her hand aside, and finished the work himself, soon making a cheerful glow in the dark room, and notably improving the appearance of things in general; while Enid moved softly about, putting away the scattered books and toys, straightening the chairs, carrying the basin and towels out of the room, and with every handy little movement making the room look as neat and comfortable as it had been previously the reverse.

By the time this was done, and Merle was seated in her own little straw chair in front of the fire, she slipped away again, returning almost immediately with a cup of tea quivering somewhat perilously in either hand. A good deal of the liquid had gone into the saucers, and some drops had splashed over the little girl's neat lilac frock; but, as she explained in her soft, womanly voice:

"Cook said, if I waited ten minutes, Jane or Martha would bring up our tea. But I asked her to let me carry it; and I cut the bread and butter my own self, while she was pouring out."

Merle's face brightened into unmistakable approval at this; and still more so when she brought in next a plate containing four or four unevenly cut slices of thick bread and butter; and, setting it down on the rug between the two boys, brought Jack a stool, and asked him coaxingly to take his tea, too.

"Where's yours?" said Jack, looking over his shoulder.

"I didn't care about any, Jack. I'm not hungry."

"Why don't you go too? You look just like a lump of chalk."

"There's a strange woman talking in the nursery with nurse; and you don't want me to go away, do you, Jack?"

"*I* don't want you to do anything," Jack answered carelessly; but Enid was not to be rebuffed, and, kneeling down by her brother, she thrust her little hand into his arm, saying gently:

"Don't you want me to tell you about mother, Jack?"

Jack's face twitched, but he didn't push her away, only lowered his curly head till it rested on his knees, and muttered "Go on;" while, glad of even this indulgence, Enid nestled closer to him, and laid her brown head, too, against his knee as she said:

"It was after she sent to bid good-bye to you and Merle, before breakfast-time, you know. When you were gone she got very faint; and papa wanted to send me away, too; but she held my hand tighter, and the doctor said I might stay. So, by-and-bye I saw her eyes were open, and papa said: 'Enid, your mother is speaking to you;' and lifted me on to the bed that I might hear better. She spoke so low at first I could only catch the words, 'your papa,' and then, 'Take care of Merle.' Dr. Anderson gave her some brandy, and she said again quite clearly, 'Never forget, Enid. I leave Merle to you. There will be no one else to watch over him as I have done; and he needs it so much. Promise me to take care of him.' I said, 'Yes, mother dear, I will;' and then she said, 'He is so weak, like Isabelle; and not good-tempered or winning. I fear I have spoilt him—you told me I did.' She then bade me speak gently to papa then, Jack; for he said, very quickly, 'Don't think of that now, Mary. I often speak hastily; and you meant it well.' Mother answered very softly, 'Yes, well; but Enid will do better. Be strong and patient, my child; only never cease to love him, nor let him go astray for want of care or tenderness.' I told her, 'I will never leave him, mother darling.' And then she said, 'God bless my little daughter.'"

Poor Enid broke down here, and sobbed bitterly, rubbing her head against Jack's. He, however, butted it away, asking, with something between a sob and a snort:

"Didn't she say *nothing* but about Merle? Nothing of me or you?"

There was a bitterness in the tone which surprised Enid: and she took to patting his leg soothingly, while she made haste to answer:

"Oh, yes, Jack. Only a minute or two later, mother said to papa, who was holding her head on his arm, you know—'I am not afraid of Jack. His strong, noble character will help him to carry himself, and Enid too, bravely through life. God bless him!'"

Jack sobbed again, but the bitterness was gone; for he uncoiled his arms from around his knees, and put one over Enid's neck, saying sturdily:

"That I will, Enid."

And Enid went on, though she was crying still:

"Papa said, 'Never fear for Jack, Mary. He's as true as steel; and, God willing, I'll keep him so.' Mother's eyes were shut; but she whispered, 'No—no fear. God bless you—all!'"

"Well, go on," cried Jack fiercely; his face hidden still, and his voice choking.

"Oh! Jack, I can't." Enid sobbed. "The doctor lifted me off the bed, and sent me into the dressing-room; and I stayed there a long, long time. For the outer door was locked, and I was afraid to go back; till at last nurse came in, and told me to go to papa, and take him a cup of coffee. He was in his study, and wouldn't take it at first; and, oh, Jack! he looked so dreadfully unhappy. I asked him to let me stay, and he did; though he never spoke to me all the time, till I heard someone saying outside that Merle was crying, and then I went away and came to you."

Verily, the poor little girl had been sorely tried that day; and it was Jack's turn now to comfort her, as she clung trembling and sobbing to him, and his rough fondling had its effect ere long. For when, near eleven o'clock that night, nurse bethought herself to see after "the bairns," before going to bed, two little white cots were empty still. And further search found the motherless children crouched up together, and fast asleep on the rug before the empty school-room grate; while a pale, Autumn moon, peeping shyly from behind dark masses of drifting cloud, cast a wanly fitful light on the lonely little figures in the sad companionship of their first orphaned sleep.

CHAPTER II.

LAID TO REST.

"Earth to earth."

Rattle!

"Ashes to ashes."

Rattle!

"Dust to dust"

Rattle, rattle, rattle!

So the very reverend Archdeacon Hamilton, rector of St. Winifre's, scattering a handful of mould and gravel on the coffin, whose brass plate glitters out of the gloomy vault into which it has just been lowered, as if flinging back, for the last time, the name of "Mary, wife of John Leyburn."

Enid, standing close to the foot of the grave, catches sight of the first of these words; and forthwith there rises to her mind a legend, told her long ago by an old Irish nurse, of another "Mary," of old times, whose grave being visited by the disciples of her son, certain simple, soft-hearted, sadly ignorant fishermen—but those were the dark ages, remember—was found to contain, not the body of the Mother, but a bed of pure white lilies, rising their ivory petals to Heaven from the spot where the woman had lain; and the girl wonders whether, if this grave were opened a year hence, they should find lilies growing within in like manner. She does not think it at all improbable; but, not feeling quite sure on the point, thinks it will be well to make certain by planting some bulbs without delay at the head of the tomb; thus unconsciously imitating certain religious men in all creeds, who, feeling that the images of their gods ought to possess more intelligence—or, to use a nursery phrase, "take more notice"—than the images of ordinary men, are constrained to use a little mechanical ingenuity to bestow the required powers on their insensible toys. Humble-minded creatures, content to bury their own talents for the advancement of their favorite dogmas, and mistaken as humble-minded, in that, by forcing the dogma, they only injure the creed to which it pertains. Yet, after all, my dear sir, think of the fuss we make nowadays over certain scientific toys, and boast of the march of mechanical ingenuity in the nineteenth century; while three or four hundred years ago there were to be seen, in various communistic establishments, for which windows their eyes, moved their lips and hands, and nodded their heads with all the precision of a Crystal Palace automaton!

Jack stands beside Enid, his hands tightly clasped before him, his head rather erect, and his eyes raised with a wistful, awful look, as if he were trying to see into that distant Heaven whither his mother's spirit has so lately flown. He is not, however; no such thing. Jack loved his mother dearly; but till two minutes ago, until the rattle of the gravel on the coffin-lid brought his eyes back to earth with a start, he had been thinking of something very different—*i. e.*, a schoolboy's head visible through one of the upper grammar-school windows!

How is this? Is the boy worse than a heathen, and utterly devoid of feeling?

Not so. He is simply acting on the natural result of the custom of burying our dead with us until a regard for our own health obliges us to bury them out of sight. In other countries, the dead are buried within twenty-four hours after the soul has departed from the body, and while the first sublime beauty of death is fresh on their marble brow; and this speedy parting causes such little grief to the friends and relations who cluster round this perfect image of their loved one, and cover it with flowers ere it is hurried from their sight, that they envy us our greater liberty in the matter, and think us blest in being allowed to keep the mortal remains of our departed friends in sight for so long a time. Perchance they may be right, and to some this privilege may be indeed a blessing; but to many and many another—equally warm-hearted, but not equally dowered with what I may call the "sentiment of sorrow"—it is exactly the reverse. And grief which might have been earlier healed, and which might have been eternally hallowed by the remembrance of the pallid but exquisite majesty of those few first hours of non-existence, is rendered terrible in reality and eternally repulsive in memory, by that long week of darkness and gloom, pervaded by that stony face, changing in a very few days, and filling with the revolting shadows of mortality, until but too often it is with a feeling of painful relief that we see the coffin-lid closed at last, and are left to breathe freely after the shudde-ing misery of those last days.

Now, in the present instance, Jack is not at all the ideal boy for romance, but a very real, every lad of flesh and blood—a boy who hates the thought of death or decay, hates books, hates tears and trouble, hates above all being shut up indoors, debarred from air and sunshine; and who, for eight long days, has been pent within a close, darkened house, with nothing to see in passing but blinds and veils, nothing to occupy him but his books, and nothing to arouse him but teasing the cat and wandering aimlessly about the house, with an ever-pervading sense of *that* room, where the still, white figure lies all day and all night, and where he has never ventured to enter save for one semi-compulsory visit.

Enid steals in and out often—sometimes alone, sometimes with Merle; and the latter has crept in once by himself, and stood gazing eagerly at the altered features of his dead aunt, till at last a sudden horror came over him, and, afraid to move, he burst into such shrill, wild cries that Mr. Leyburn, Aunt Jane, nurse, and Enid all rushed in at once, and the culprit was carried off, and given six verses in the Bible to learn by Aunt Jane, as a punishment for his "indecent conduct." But after that, *the* room has been kept locked; and Jack has not been sorry thereat. Nay, now that he is out in the sweet, clear sunshine, with a gentle breeze stirring the Autumnal red and gold of the plane trees, and rumpling the long green grass about his feet, with the gray walls of the old minster looking calmly down on him from one side, and the grammar-school windows on the other, peering over the wall which separates its noisy, echoing yard from the grounds of the minster close—as people call that sacred square of ground wherein it is the privilege of certain of the oldest families round about to be buried—he feels, unhappy though he be, as though a heavy load had been lifted from his heart; and in spite of the solemn service now in progress, eyes will wander, first to the red tip of Aunt Jane's nose, gleaming vividly among the folds of a huge black-bordered handkerchief; then to a loose stone in the wall, which he thinks might be useful for escalading feats; and lastly, to the grammar-school, where they rest curiously. It is history day, Jack recalls, to, and history is just the *one* subject in which he is not backward. He feels half angry now, as he remembers that he has lost a week through no fault of his own, and will probably be more behindhand than ever this half; and he is inclined to regard his schoolmates resentfully because they have not also struck work in compliment to his enforced idleness. Yet, when in the very act of thus thinking, a boy's face appears peeping furtively from the schoolroom window—to which by right his back should be turned. Jack's virtuous indignation rises immediately, and forgetting that his mind is condemning the rest of the school for industry, he feels quite inclined to go right in and punch that boy's head for his impertinent curiosity.

"Idle young cur!" thinks Jack. "Poking his nose into other people's affairs;" and then feels furious with himself, because those solemn words of "Dust to dust" recall him to a sense of his own forgetfulness.

Merle is crying the whole time. Indeed, the front of his black tunic is quite wet and smeared with tears, as he clings to Enid's hand; and Aunt Jane regards him approvingly for once, although he is by no means a favorite of hers; and she frequently observes that she "cannot see rhyme or reason for Mrs. John's fancy of foisting the expense of another child on her brother's household."

"So the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the followship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore."

Archdeacon Hamilton had done at last; and the little funeral party was filing slowly out of the gateway, Mr. Leyburn with his sister first, and the children following, when a boy, who had been standing quietly in the background throughout the service, made a sort of dart forward, and, catching Jack's hand, said impulsively:

"Jack, I'm so awfully sorry;" after which he darted away again, and was seen no more.

"I didn't know Clifton was here. How good of him!" whispered Enid softly.

Jack reddened with indignation.

"He'd no business here," he retorted. "He wasn't asked. *She*" (Jack never used his mother's name now—"said 'only one or two intimate friends,' and named them. *He* wasn't one;" and Jack rubbed his offended hand against the leg of his trousers, and muttered something about "pushing;" for all which, I am bound to say that he felt more cheered and comforted by his friend's hasty word of sympathy than by any other event that had occurred since his mother's death. An additional enlivenment was finding all the blinds up on their return, and the sunshine streaming in on the deserted rooms, and making Enid's canary, which had been silent throughout the week, burst into a peal of jubilant song, which filled the whole house.

Such song! It thrilled and twirled and rippled, rushed upstairs like a fountain of melody into the *silent* room above, flowed back in sweet, short gushes of music, down to the servants' hall below, and set all the thrushes and linnets in the garden outside chirruping like mad for emulation.

The effect of this peal of triumphant music on the several members of the bereaved family was widely different.

Mr. Leyburn started, put his hand to his head as though in pain, and walked straight into his study, shutting the door sharply behind him.

Aunt Jane looked up in disapproving astonishment, and whispered to the maid who had admitted them:

"Cover up that bird's cage at once, Jane. Most indecorous, such noise on the very day of the funeral."

Enid thought:

"Dear birdie! how fond mamma was of him. I must ask nurse to give me a lump of sugar for him to-day;" and her great eyes filled with tender tears.

Merle thought:

"Now, I wonder whether birdie's singing so loud to-day because Aunt Mary has gone up to Heaven, instead of lying on the bed with her eyes shut, and that dreadful cloth under her chin."

He forgot, you see, that Aunt Mary's soul was as much in his birdie as in Jack's; and, despite all our hideous formulas of death, was lying on the bed, as now, when the priest had committed it to the grave. But children's minds are not, as a rule, given to reflecting on subjects which do not come within the immediate range of their senses.

Jack alone thought—anything which could be put into words, at least; but that glorious outgush of song seemed to wake him from a bad dream. A vague impression came over his mind that some dreadful cloud, which had been hanging over the house, had suddenly melted away, leaving all clear and bright as it had been before. The frowning look faded from his face; he tossed his cap on the hall table, and was already springing upstairs with an incipient whistle on his lips, and an incipient idea in his mind of "looking for mother," when Aunt Jane caught him by a little piece of his arm, and a look of horror which effectually recalled him to himself.

"*Whistling*, Jack, when your mother is hardly laid in her grave! I did not think you so heartless. For shame!"

Jack hung his head, not at his aunt's words, but at his own forgetfulness. Seeing, however, that Miss Leyburn was about to "improve the occasion" with one of those wearying, never-ending lectures in which elderly spinsters do so greatly delight, and which nullify the effect of their best-meant precepts, he wrenched his arm out of her grasp, and muttered angrily:

"*Scold* you, Jack!" said Miss Leyburn severely. "I am sorry, indeed, you should speak in such a tone, and to-day! Have you no heart, no *propriety*, that you can't even pretend to care for your mother?"

Jack faced round on her, guarding himself with one arm, as he blurted out:

"I hate propriety, and I hate pretending—women's humbugs, both of 'em—and I loved my mother a deal better than you ever did; and you've no right to nip me if I didn't."

"No right to what, you bad, bad boy?" asked Aunt Jane, her very crape stiffening with righteous indignation.

"Jack, dear!" Enid remonstrated timidly, from the bottom of the stairs.

But at this moment a third person appeared on the scene—Mr. Leyburn. Though carried on in angry whispers, the sounds of dispute had penetrated the study; and now a tall figure appeared in the doorway, asking in grave tones of annoyance:

"What is all this discussion? Cannot there be peace here for even one day?"

His tone took in Miss Leyburn and Jack equally; but the former, sure of her ground, answered promptly:

"I grieve indeed, John, that you should be disturbed; but Jack's insolent and unfeeling conduct—"

Jack flung past her, and stood in the hall, looking up in Mr. Leyburn's face confidently.

"You know I wasn't unfeeling, father," he said, with a quiet certainty of being understood there; "and I only told her she had no right to nip me. She hasn't, you know" (explanatorily), "and that isn't insolent, is it?"

Mr. Leyburn looked pale and worried; but Jack was his favorite, and he answered less angrily than he had intended:

"I thought that you were too manly to mind being hurt, Jack; not that your aunt meant to hurt you, I'm sure."

Great deprecation from Aunt Jane; great mortification from Jack. *He* mind being hurt!

"I really must have quiet and order among you children. Your aunt has come here very kindly"—Miss Leyburn smiled graciously—"to superintend my house and take care of you children for a time—in fact, till I find some lady suited to the post; and you are to be docile and obedient to her as"—with a sigh—"you were to your dear mother. Now, remember what I have said. Enid, why don't you keep the boys quiet?"

Bang went the door again; and he was gone, without waiting to be answered, and leaving a flushed and uncomfortable group behind him. Aunt Jane was, of course, the one to recover speech first.

"Now, children," she said, fussing up to them, with a laudable desire to assert her dignity without further delay, "go upstairs and take off your things quietly, and then come down to me, and I will read you a short, improving chapter; and I think"—with an eye especially on Jack—"that it would be a nice suitable occupation for the day, and calming to your minds, if you each were to learn a short psalm afterwards."

There was no reply. The three children trooped upstairs with the cheerful submission of sheep goaded to slaughter by the sheep-dog snapping at their heels: Jack disdaining to offer further resistance by word or act, because "father said he wanted peace;" Enid's gentle little heart swelling with a vain longing for the tender mother whose very presence was peace, and a sorrowful feeling that she must have been to blame somehow, or father wouldn't have spoken so to her; and Merle clinging close to her side, and shrinking out of sight of Miss Leyburn — that lady being the object of his special terror and dislike.

Poor little motherless trio! And even the canary had left off singing—asleep, doubtless, to orders, having covered him up with a dark cloth, and stopped the cheering sound of his jubilant notes from going forth on their mission of joy and comfort.

Verily, it takes very little to make discord in a happy home. A woman's death breedeth tears, a woman's tongue breedeth wrath; and in such as dwell therein the latter never ceaseth until the former be come. Peradventure they do not feel, under the heavy grave-clods, that the ceaseless wagging of that unruly member has driven away all heart from those around them by the time Death lays his icy finger on the restless lips, and says, "Be still!"

It was evening of the same day. The improving chapter had been read, and the psalms said. Mr. and Miss Leyburn were partaking of their sad six-o'clock dinner downstairs; and the children were in the schoolroom, tea over, and the unhappy look still dark on each little face.

"Shall I get out your books, Jack?" asked Enid, trying to speak cheerfully; for the boys were to go to school on the morrow, and it was their custom to prepare lessons on the evening before.

"No; what's the use?" replied Jack drearily. "I don't know where we are, or anything. Those fellows"—in an angry tone—"will have gone on miles ahead, of course."

"I have learnt some of mine every day," said Merle, "and my head aches too much now to go over them; but I think, Enid, if you'd read the Latin aloud to me, and ask me questions here and there, I should like that."

"More than Enid would, I expect," said Jack. "Well, when I was your age, I'd have been ashamed to let a girl teach me."

"I suppose that was why you didn't learn," replied Merle rather pertly, from his safe corner by Enid.

Jack half rose, with an angry face, but recollected that "father wanted peace," and sat down and swallowed his wrath.

"Merle," said his little guardian gravely, "you are very rude to Jack; and I don't think mother would have let me help you at all to-night if she had heard you."

Merle was just beginning a vehement disclaimer of this opinion, but before the words were uttered the attention of all three children was attracted by something new—a couple of sharp raps on the window.

"What's that?" they all cried out together.

"A robber!" said Enid, getting up as if to go forward.

"A ghost!" cried Merle, shrinking back.

"The wind," said Jack without moving.

But all three were in the wrong; for now a human voice, muffled by the glass, was heard speaking in tones which sounded familiar, and the voice said:

"Let me in."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN ALLEGORICAL SKETCH BY M. FELIX REGAMEY.

THE DEATH OF "AMERICUS."

"HOW BEAUTIFUL."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES BULL.

How beautiful's the midnight hour,
When silent reigns, and Nature's queen
Bedecks with silv'ry flood the bow'r,
And rural lane and tree and flow'r,
And fount and rill and meadow green!

How beautiful's the love that holds
Two hearts in bonds of sweet accord!
In gracious deeds this love unfolds
Its fervor true; the tongue but moulds
The thought, which oft is but a word.

Green River, N. Y., Feb. 1874.

NIBLO'S SEEN BY A CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

What delightful remembrances are mine, tinged with the saddest of regrets, when I think of the Niblo's Garden of my childhood! Joyous time, never to be recalled but in memory's pleasant fancy. Then there *was* a garden, and such a garden! What a paradise, to my young eyes, it was! The plants and the flowers, and the gayly lighted refreshment saloon beyond, to catch a glimpse of the well-known form of a lady superintending all, and whom I point out to my little companions as I proudly communicate the fact that that is Mrs. Niblo, that I have been introduced to her, and that she has sometimes treated me to ice-cream. My companions are sufficiently credulous to accept such distinction as this staggers their belief. And here are smart waiters, in snow-white aprons, hurrying to and fro with little trays of that ice-cream. *Such* ice-cream! Have I ever since tasted anything to compare with it? In it I invest my ten cents, or fifteen at the most, bold, early in my hand through half the little vaudeville "The Miseries of Human Life," that I have just seen performed within the theatre. As yet my experience of the miseries of human life is limited, and I have no sympathy for Mr. Crooker—though admirably acted by Mr. Chippendale, the present manager of the Haymarket Theatre, London—and much prefer to hear the band play, as, seated at a little table in the open air, I eat ambrosia, while there, high above my head, with the real moonlight falling on her, a charming creature—to me neither Madame Javelli nor Madame Axel, but a beauteous fairy glittering with dew-drops—issues from a little pagoda on to a rope that extends some distance across the Garden, and there performs evolutions so graceful and daring that I stare upward spellbound and open-mouthed, in awe and admiration, till, amid a blaze of fireworks, she has with her own fair hand showered down on mine and many older heads bright bits of colored paper from the basket she holds, and thereupon has vanished! The intermission is over, and I eagerly run up a flight of broad wooden steps leading to the Theatre, and encounter a gentleman with rosy cheeks and smiling face, who pats me on the head as he passes me. In turn breathlessly to my companions I exclaim: "Do you know who that is? That is Mr. Niblo!" They have had ocular proof that *he* noticed me, and from that moment I am an eminent boy in their estimation. Up another flight of steps, and we gain a second gallery. Opening onto this second gallery are windows whose blinds are jealously closed; but the gaslight streaming through the interstices, and I and my companions, a bevy of little Peeping Toms, are tempted to peer (guiltlessly enough, Heaven knows!) down through them at the pretty fairies dressing there. Charming to linger here, though I catch but a glimpse of the hem of some fairy garb, or hear merely the ripple of their laughing voices; but if I stay I may not get a seat, for I hold no coupon. Does anyone? No; fifty cents is the general price of admission all over the house, and no reserved seats—first come, first served. Think of it—the whole Garden and Theatre free to range in! I can sit down in the parquet, if I like; or in the first tier, if I like; or in the second; or up in that place beyond, that looks to me like a wide pulpit. But up-stairs is best to see from, and here I scramble to a seat, just in time; for the leader is giving the signal up with his baton. Is the leader Monsieur Fenelon or Signor La Manna, Monsieur Guerin of Monsieur Gilles? To me not one of these, but a magician, who by a wave of that little wand causes the curtain to rise and show me wondrous things indeed! Now it is an old man who is standing at a desk, when suddenly a closet-door opens, and a skeleton stalks forth and stands at the old man's elbow. Stretching forth its bony arm, the skeleton rapidly substitutes the sand-box for the ink-bottle, and laughs grimly when the old man pours the contents of the latter over the parchment before him, while the old man, catching sight of his ghastly tormentor, falls down upon his narrow bones, paralyzed with fear. Now it is Harlequin and Columbina, who, to escape the pursuit of this same old man, go through a wall, and in the opening through which they vanished a giant appears, gnashing his teeth, whereupon the old man jumps clean through the giant's stomach, which evidently disagrees with the giant, for he totters forward in great agony. In a trice it is a gloomy graveyard, and ghosts (on whom are dancing-slippers) rise from their tombs to awful music, and stalk about with measured tread. Presto! change! and it is a carnival—a dazzling scene, all illuminated. There are ringing of bells, and jingling of tambourines, and gay music to which waltz a myriad of gorgeously dressed dancers, whose ghostly coverings have vanished into the sky. Again it is Harlequin and Columbine, rapidly descending a rocky pass, still pursued by the same wicked old man, when a hermit suddenly appears and delivers a speech to Mr. Henry Wells and Madame Marzetti, *i. e.*, to Harlequin and Columbine. I know the hermit is Jones, for Jones is the only speaker in all the pantomimes; and a bold speaker he is, who rolls his r's and his eyes, and whose voice seems to come from the pit of his stomach. I consider myself an authority in acting, and think Jones a fine tragedian. His speech (which is pretty nearly the same thing in every pantomime—referring to the wise use the lovers must make of the talisman he presents them with, warning them of the dangers they will have to encounter, and blessing them) comes rather abruptly to an end, for Jones is suddenly jerked down a trap, and is seen no more. Harlequin taps the ground and a little box rises; the lovers are quickly dressed in pilgrims' garb, and provided with long staffs—all produced in a twinkling from the miraculous little box. They are ready just in time; for here come the cruel father and the White Knight, stumbling and threatening down the rocky way. Quickly the scene changes to a hall of brazen statues, when lo! in an instant every statue descends from its pedestal, and all join in a solemn dance—a series of jumps, resembling "The Cure" of later date. Suddenly we are in China, with lanterns and mandarins and pigtails, and a grand ballet with umbrellas. And here is the princess—so tiny a creature!—personated by Miss Flora Lehman; and Ventilstaw the English traveler, in the person of Gabriel Ravel, who shocks Chinese decorum by investigating the ladies' bathing-establishment while the dear creatures are in the bath. Heavens! how they scream; and here they come flying out en deshabille, running for their lives!

Ah! dearly remembered "Kim-Ka" and "Magic Pills," "Mazulme," "Asphodel," "Raoul," and "The Green Monster!"—seen and seen again, and with renewed delight every succeeding time. And the comic pantomimes! "Godenski," with the wonderful skaters; and "The Milliners," with the marvelous Hungarian mirror-dance; and "Jeanette and Jeannot," in which the soldier who beat the drum so deafeningly little dreamt, perhaps, that he was destined to own miles of vineyards in Spain, and be world-famed as the great "Blondin;" and "Monsieur Dechalumeau"—ah! here comes the old gray mare, with Monsieur Jerome Ravel upon her back, and his stupid valet, personified by Francois Ravel, perched on the crupper behind him; and "Robert Macaire," with Mr. Antoine Ravel, the very prince of Robert Macaires; and "Jocko!" Poor Jocko! who saves Le Petit Jules, the dear little boy!—oh, how I envy him is his possession of so delightful an ape for a friend! But Jocko, alas, is dead, and the curtain falls; and I am groping my way, holding tightly by my father's hand, through a dim passage-way, where the gas is already turned off.

I am behind the scenes. What hallowed ground to me! What a world of never-ending mystery! But there is Jocko, alive again, with his head on a chair beside him.

"Who—who—is that?" I stammer.

"That is Monsieur Marzetti, the gentleman you saw just now playing Jocko."

I see that Monsieur Marzetti's face is flushed, that drops of perspiration are streaming down it, that he is panting as if he had been running, and that the lady who stands beside him, fanning him with a palm-leaf fan, holds a glass of some restorative to his lips. And I hear somebody say: "Warm work in July for a man in that hot dress and mask!" and I see it all. I believed in a *real* Jocko, and I am cruelly undeceived. The ape is only a man! I suppose I look bewildered and strange, for Monsieur Marzetti, catching his breath as he speaks, laughs, and tells me in broken English that Jocko knows me, and then I am called by name; and I am told, moreover, that Jocko is going to have a benefit in two or three weeks, and if I come to his benefit he will climb the boxes and come round to me. I don't know whether I feel elated at this intelligence or not. But Jocko is as good as his word, and *does* climb the boxes on that eventful night, and gives me his paw to shake, at which I feel that all the eyes of the audience are directed at me, and I blush to the roots of my hair.

But the stage is cleared, and a rope is stretched across it, and the tight-rope performance begins with Le Petit Amour, whose baby-steps along the perilous cord are guided by Monsieur Antoine Ravel. The little act is over; Le Petit Amour is kissed and runs laughing off the stage; and now Monsieur Gabriel Ravel enters in sailor costume, and, without a balance-pole, yet with velocity and grace that would put to shame many a dancer upon the boards, executes a sailor's hornpipe. There is a tremendous burst of applause, a lull, a pause, and here comes, shambling on, an awkward-looking man. When he salutes the audience, a smile peeps from behind his face, his action is so *outre:* he goes flying at the rope as if it were his bitter enemy, whom he had determined this night to conquer, or else to die himself. He performs several feats

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Special Notice to Correspondents.

All persons whatever holding our cards authorizing them to act as correspondents of THE CLIPPER are requested to return them immediately to this office for renewal, as the period of time for which they were issued will expire on Feb. 28.

☞ Letters seeking information are replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

YO., Youngstown.—"Pinpool. Three playing. B and C are playing off five games. B has one to go. A makes pool, but fails to proclaim it. As he has no chance to make the one-pin, B then spots the ball, and C makes a 'natural.' The question is, how does it affect the pin-off, and who pays for the game?" The gentlemen, we beg to state, were not playing pinpool at all. No such game exists, again. At cassino he who takes the last trick is entitled to all the cards remaining.

P. McK., Manchester.—The last we heard of the circus, it was in Mexico, and most probably it is still in South America.

G. H.—We never heard of a party of that name. *George* is a common name in this country about the time you mention, and he is new engaged at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre.

T. S. H., Perry.—1. See some sideshow proprietor, or advertise them. 2. It would be a matter of private bargain.

SAM.—1. "The Game Cock," price $1.25. 2. Dinks, Mayhew & Hutchinson on "The Dog."

W. H. C., Waterbury.—Yes; it is collapsed at Columbus, O.

B. S., Kansas City.—Gen. Lafayette died at Paris, France, May 19, 1834. 2. We are without a record.

P. S., East Saginaw.—In euchre, jack is the highest card in cutting for deal.

HARKAWAY, Milwaukee.—1. Have written, asking for the information you desire. 2. They cannot be procured.

M. C. S., Bloomington.—1. Mace. 2. We do not need one.

SUBSCRIBER.—The first number of THE CLIPPER was dated April 30, 1853.

EASTON.—1. The cross in Trinity Church, New York, is 10 feet long, and 6 feet wide. 2. The height from the ground to the top of the cross is 284 feet.

E. H. W.—1. It is in "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." 2. He is in England. 3. No; it now belongs to Miss Alice Harrison.

A. E. A., Jamestown.—1. In care of this office. 2. Probably, if carefully managed by a person of great experience. 3. Yes. 4. The letter is still in our care.

INQUIRER.—The Professional Convention will be held March 2, at the Boston Club headquarters, 591 Washington street.

PITCHER.—1. Yes: Hall will play in Boston. 2. The Chicago team are Malone, Zettlein, Devlin, Wood, Meyerle, Force, Cuthbert, Treacy, Glenn and McGeary.

STAR.—1. No; there was a fourteen innings game played on the Union Grounds last season between the Philadelphia and Atlantic Clubs.

CHICAGO REPORTER.—1. It cannot so use his nine-spot. 2. It is wrong again. At cassino he who takes the last trick is entitled to all the cards remaining.

P. McK., Manchester.—The last we heard of the circus, it was in Mexico, and most probably it is still in South America.

G. H.—We never heard of a party of that name. *George* is a common name in this country about the time you mention, and he is new engaged at Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre.

T. S. H., Perry.—1. See some sideshow proprietor, or advertise them. 2. It would be a matter of private bargain.

T. B., Fox, Baltimore.—1. He was born at Bologne, France. 2. G. and H. Wright, Gould, Wenman, Allison, Leonard, Atwater, Pierney, McVey, Bratsard and Dean.

R. B., Auburn.—A's high and low go out before B's last. The points take precedence in the order named—high, low, jack and game

AQUATIC.

A CHALLENGE TO ELLIS WARD.

The young Pittsburgh sculler "Eph" Morris, who rather surprised the rowing fraternity by his victories at Toronto, Ont., Boston and Lowell, Mass., last season, now flies at higher game than he was then opposed to, as will be observed by the appended challenge to the now most prominent member of the celebrated Ward family. We understand that Ellis, who is now keeping a "hotle" at Yonkers, N. Y., is still troubled with the complaint which caused the sculls to drop from his hands on the Connecticut in July last; but we do not know whether or not it is of such a nature as to prevent him making the match herewith proposed:

PITTSBURGH, PA., Feb. 20, 1874.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—I, the undersigned, do hereby challenge Ellis Ward to row me a five-mile scullers' race, for from five hundred to one thousand dollars a side. I will give or take reasonable expenses to row either at Pittsburgh or on the Hudson, near his home. The challenge to remain open for two weeks; and to show that I am in earnest I herewith enclose a money order for fifty dollars. [P. O. order received.—ED. CLIP.]

Yours respectfully, ERAN MORRIS,
Clipper Boat Club.

THE ST. JOHN ROWING CLUB of New Orleans, La., have increased their fleet by the addition of a new four-oared and a single-scull shell, which were shipped from the boat-building establishment of Judge Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I., Feb. 18. The four, which is built to carry a coxswain, is 43 feet long, 19½ inches wide, and 8 inches deep; single-scull, 30 feet long, 11 inches wide. The St. Johners expect to do good work with both upon the occasion of the approaching regatta of the Louisiana Rowing Association, as well as in contests with the Pelicans and other rival organizations of the Crescent City.

THE HAVERHILL (MASS.) YACHT CLUB was organized Feb. 19, the following officers being elected: Commodore, J. A. Hanson; vice-commodore, John Goodell; captain, Geo. O. Hoyt; secretary and treasurer, E. F. Brown; measurer, Henry Vatter.

THE SENECA ROWING CLUB is the title of a boat-club formed recently at Seneca, N. Y. The fleet already includes one four-oared boat and four single-scull shells.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Charles Peverelly.

A DEPOSIT of ten dollars has been received by the editor of *The Canadian Gentleman's Journal* from E. A. Talbot of London, Eng., for a match between Drake of the latter place and James Ward of Toronto, Canada. The match, if made, will be shot in the vicinity of the English metropolis.

AMUSEMENTS.

ADVANCE AGENT WANTED.
One who knows the large and small towns on and away from railroads in New England and the Provinces. Salary moderate. Address WM. F. BACON, 14 Hanover st., Boston, Mass. 48-1t*

WANTED,
A party with $1,500, to take a
FIRST-CLASS ORGANIZATION,
with all properties, appurtenances, printing, etc., on a safe route. Extraordinary inducements offered. Address, at once, BUSINESS,
48-1t* Clyde, Ohio.

WANTED,
An engagement with some
TRAVELING TROUPE OR CIRCUS
as advance or programme agent, property man, or stage-carpenter in a variety theatre. Good references given. Address A. D. PECK, Wolcottville, Ct.,
48-1t* or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

CHAS. BENTON,
ADVANCE AGENT, IS AT LIBERTY. Address or telegraph "PRESS OFFICE," Adrian, Mich. 48-1t*

CIRCUS MANAGERS,
HARRY WENSLEY, THE SINGING CLOWN, WITH ORIGINAL SONGS, ORIGINAL JOKES, ORIGINAL SAYINGS, ETC.,
can be engaged for the coming season as second clown. Address care of CLIPPER Office, or
48-1t* THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich.

THE KINGS,
COGILL AND COOPER,
at the
THEATRE COMIQUE,
WASHINGTON,
D. C.
BIG SUCCESS.
OBSERVE PRESS NOTICE.
THEATRE COMIQUE.—Cogill and Cooper are certainly the best song and-dance men that have ever appeared at the Comique, and their efforts are received with tremendous applause.—WASHINGTON CHRONICLE, Feb. 19, 1874. 48-1t*

BILLPOSTING.
CHARLES HORBURY
would inform all showmen and others interested that he has purchased the billposting from its former owners at LEWISTON, ME.,
and is now prepared to do all work in that line with CARE AND PROMPTNESS,
as he gives his whole time to that business alone. Office at JOHN GARNER & CO.'S,
48-4t* 6 doors below Lisbon Hall, P. O. Box 970.

SONGS, BURLESQUES,
PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC.,
Written to order. Address WM. R. WATTS,
48-1t* 33 Amity street, N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES
for 50 cents. Choice and new American, foreign and miscellaneous views. Neatly mounted. WM. R. BROOKS, Phelps, N. Y. 48-1t*

CHARLEY GARDNER,
HOP, LIGHT LOO,
AND MASTER CHARLEY
WILL BE AT LIBERTY TO NEGOTIATE
WITH MANAGERS
AFTER THE 29TH OF FEBRUARY.
Address 95 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O. 48-1t*

ADAMS AND GORMAN, THE
GREAT WHITE AND BLACK COMEDIANS, capable of playing second clown, can be engaged for tenting season of '74, by addressing care of CLIPPER Office, or 387, Bucyrus, Ohio. 48-1t*

ANOTHER SUCCESS.—MR.
CHARLES VINCENT, character comedian, vocalist and dancer, also original character sketches, songs, duets and dances, with MISS AMELIA DEAN, the accomplished and fascinating comedienne and danseuse. Burnt out at Olympic Theatre, Philadelphia. Mortimer's Variety Theatre, Feb. 9. Re-engaged two weeks longer, Feb. 23. Chas. Vincent at Wood's Museum, New York, March 9. Chas. Vincent and Miss A. Dean with Leavitt's Minstrel Combination, Boston, March 30, for 12 weeks. See local press of Philadelphia. Address as above, or J. L. SANFORD, 9 Annin st., N. Y. N. B.—"Katie, the Rose of Killarney," and "North and South," Ethiopian sketch, written by Virginia Donaldson for Chas. Vincent and Miss A. Dean, are copyrighted. Performers will take notice. 1t*

EDGAR TAYLOR,
OPERA HOUSE BILLPOSTER, PATERSON, N. J.
All kinds of posting in city or country promptly executed and satisfaction guaranteed.
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TO AGENTS AND MANAGERS.

I take this method of informing agents and managers that the firm of Heaty Bros., billposters, has dissolved, and that I am now in the employ of EDGAR TAYLOR, BILLPOSTER, Paterson, N. J., to whom I recommend all our former friends. HENRY HEATLY, late of Heatly Bros., billposters, Paterson, N. J. 48-1t*

MISS SALLIE E. COTTER,
LEADING
JUVENILE LADY,
can be engaged after April 1. Wardrobe extensive and elegant. Address W. H. COTTER,
48-1t Key Box 73, Savannah, Ga.
PRESS NOTICES.
SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS.
As Victorine, Miss Cotter was perfectly at home, acting with a fidelity, grace, artistic interpretation and animation that provoked frequent and rapturous applause, and at once established her as a favorite in our theatre. That Miss Cotter is an actress of finished ability and rare culture, as well as a woman of personal charms and beauty of a high order, no one who saw her last night can deny.
CHARLESTON, S. C., PAPERS.
From Miss Cotter's first appearance on the stage to the death scene it was evident that she is a professional lady of talent and experience. Her Desdemona seems to we modeled after that of Mrs. Junius Booth, and in saying this we mean no equivocal compliment. In the second scene in act fourth Miss Cotter was particularly fine.
Miss Cotter is a most clever and charming little actress.
Address W. H. COTTER,
48-2t Key Box 73, Savannah, Ga.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.—W.
N. ARNOLD, many years with Older's Circus, is now open for an engagement for the coming season as Equestrian Manager or to break stock. Address all communications care of CLIPPER OFFICE. 48-1t

THE LITTLE ONES. 48-1t*

PRIVILEGES FOR SALE.—
Dollar Store, Candy and Concert Privileges for sale.
Address DAVIS & CO., Theatrical Agents,
48-1t 160 Vine st., P. O. Box 252, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. Howe & Lake, Props. Frank Dillon, Stage-man.
Now doing the largest business of any place in the Western country. Houses crowded nightly. Newly painted, redecorated, and a fine lot of new and costly scenery. Always an opening for sensation stars and first-class variety artists. No winter room, consequently wine-room talent need not apply. A large and well-selected stock company to support sensation stars in their pieces.
CARD TO THE PROFESSION.—It having come to the notice of the management that the Warren Sisters, Bessie and Dollie, have been misrepresenting this establishment, we warn all managers against them as being unreliable parties. They advertise themselves to be extensively advertised, and then failed to come to time; on offering satisfactory excuses, they were again engaged, and opened Monday, Feb. 16. After making a dead failure, they were requested to perform parts in an afterpiece, which they consented to do; but upon the stage-manager going for them when it was time for them to go on, they refused to perform their parts, and, according to the rules and regulations of the establishment, were discharged. We refer to the rest of the company for corroboration of the above statement, and refer to every performer who has been engaged here this season whether or not they have been treated with respect and consideration, and received their just dues: Hercules Libby, Kate Partington, W. T. Melville, Miss Alice Leigh, Ella Arnold, Mollie Wilson, Mlle. Lola, Quilter and Goldrich, Frank Dillon, Harry Ward and Harry Ribblet. Address as above. 48-1t*

JACK HARKAWAY IN ALBANY.
CAPITOL THEATRE.—MONDAY, MARCH 9, will be presented Mr. E. Mason Jr.'s thrilling five-act military drama, JACK HARKAWAY AMONG THE BRIGANDS, for one week only. JACK HARKAWAY, by the popular and talented artist, Mr. W. F. BURROUGHS. Managers wishing to arrange for this drama, for rights of States or Circuits, or who wish it produced with star or full company, address E. MASON, Jr., Business Agent, Col. Wood's Museum, Philadelphia. P. S.—Jack Harkaway Among the Brigands is a live drama, full of novel effects, and dresses magnificently. Last scene (explosion) immense hit. 48-1t*

SIG. F. ARRIGONI, THE RE-
NOWNED ITALIAN SCENIC ARTIST, who has just arrived from Havana, where he has been engaged for 3 years in painting the scenery in the great Tacon Theatre, is open to negotiate with managers of first-class theatres for engagements. He has had the advantage of European experience, and has also held the position in first-class theatres in this country, such as the Principal Theatre, Lima; Victon's Serena Talea, Chili; Theatre Royal, Melbourne, Australia, three years; Academy of Music, New Orleans; Tremont Theatre, Galveston; Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis; Savannah Theatre; Mozart Hall, Cincinnati; Athenæum, Detroit; Trimble's, Albany, etc.; also painted the drop curtain of Maguire's Opera-house, San Francisco, and has painted in Padua, Verona, Venice, Milan, etc. Inquire at Cafe Moretti, 150 East 14th street, New York. 48-2t*

CHR. FREDE,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC, No. 418 East 9th st., N. Y. City
To Managers, Leaders of Bands and Professionals.—The well-known composer, arranger of all pieces for the Orchestra, Reed, Brass and Military Bands, Piano, Song and dance music. 48-3t*

J. MESSENGER, CANNON-
BALL PERFORMER AND FIRST-CLASS LEAPER, late with P. T. Barnum's World's Fair, can be engaged for the coming season. Address as above, No. 116 Third avenue, N. Y.

STAG HIS NIBS!—JOE
THOMPSON AND AL WALTERS, Ethiopian, Irish and Dutch Comedians, with their new and original sketches, entitled Woman in White, Apple Woman's Revenge, Spoiled Boy, Dutchman's Luck, Sheridan's Guard, etc. Can be engaged after March 2. Address THOMPSON AND WALTERS, care of CLIPPER Office. 48-1t*

WANTED.—A LADY AND GEN-
MAN of good appearance, to instruct for the stage. Good engagements procured when competent. Address STAGE MANAGER, care of CLIPPER office. 48-1t*

AN AMATEUR MINSTREL
wants an engagement. Excellent Irish and negro comedian, and a good tambourine; would make an end man. Writes jokes for the press. Steady and sober. Address, with terms, JUPE MARS, 345 E. 74th st., N. Y. 48-1t*

MISS MARIE VESTVALI
Having closed a successful engagement of four weeks at FALK'S TIVOLI THEATRE,
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To conclude every evening, and Monday, Wednesday and Saturday matinee, with the touchingly beautiful picture of Southern life by the
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An organization embracing a complete entertainment and ONE OF THE FEW SUCCESSES of the present season.
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ALWAYS READY TO BACK EITHER OR BOTH—AND
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NEW YORK DAILY NEWS, FEB. 19.
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NUMBERING OVER 40 PERFORMERS
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Read the following merited notice from THE HARTFORD (Ct.) DAILY COURANT, the leading daily paper of the State.
THE WASHBURN SENSATION.—A very large audience enjoyed the entertainment given by the Washburn sensation troupe in the Opera House last evening. Mr. Washburn has the best organized company he has yet brought to Hartford, and he has never had a poor one. It embraces a great variety of talent, and the whole performance is decidedly a popular one, there being such a diversity about it that an audience cannot fail to be pleased. The Warm Spring Indians are a feature that elicited much interest from its novelty, and these Indians are what they profess to be. The trapeze performances, the clog dancing, and nearly all the other specialities are first-class, making the whole entertainment the best of its kind in the country. 48-2t

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IS NOW READY.
Contains 80 pages of invaluable information for Show Agents and Managers. Full particulars of the principal halls in the following States: NEW YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, NEW JERSEY, OHIO, MICHIGAN, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, WISCONSIN, IOWA, MINNESOTA, MISSOURI, NEBRASKA, CALIFORNIA, KANSAS, FLORIDA, MISSISSIPPI, TEXAS, ARKANSAS, GEORGIA, NORTH and SOUTH CAROLINA, LOUISIANA, ALABAMA, TENNESSEE, KENTUCKY, MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, VERMONT, MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND, CONNECTICUT, DELAWARE, MARYLAND, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, VIRGINIA, WEST VIRGINIA, also, of those in CANADA, NOVA SCOTIA and NEW BRUNSWICK. It contains the names of **1,102** TOWNS and a list of **1,325** HALLS, with Rent per night, Seating Capacity, License, Population of Town, Names of Hotels and Newspapers, Size of Stage, Number of Dressing-rooms, whether lighted by Gas or Oil, how heated, amount of Scenery, and every information of value to the Showman; also, the BILL-POSTERS IN **575** TOWNS, a table of distances, giving the distance from all the principal cities; blank forms for contracts for various articles required by Showmen, and 15 of the BEST LAID-OUT ROUTES in America.
As much labor and expense has attended the compiling of this work, the price of it will be Five Dollars in advance. Agents and Managers often spend three times this amount in telegraphing to hall owners for just what information they can find in this book. The routes alone are worth five times this amount to any agent or manager.
As the present edition has been limited, and as three previous edition were exhausted long before the demand for it had stopped, those who wish a copy should address at once COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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MARTHA WREN AND JAMES
COLLINS, popular duet artists, close a brilliant six weeks at Olympic Theatre, New York, Feb. 28, and open at Fox's Theatre, Philadelphia, March 2, for two weeks, and Trimble's, Pittsburgh, March 10, two weeks, after which they CAN BE SECURED.
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EVERYWHERE.
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S. C. FRANCE,
in his great impersonation of
SKID, THE FAITHFUL,
in the Grand Sensational Drama, written expressly for him by the talented young author FRANK DUMONT, Esq., entitled
MARKED FOR LIFE.
Pronounced by press and public the finest Drama ever produced on any stage.
Second engagement this season at the Bowery Theatre, Feb. 16, to overflowing houses.
Second engagement at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, commences Feb. 23.
READ LETTERS FROM MANAGERS.
CHESTNUT-STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
Mr. S. C. France.—Dear Sir.—I am pleased to hear of the success of your drama, "Marked for Life," but do not wonder at it; as it is one of the best sensation plays ever produced, and your two weeks' engagement at this Theatre, to crowded houses, convinces me it will succeed in any city. I will have you well billed for your re-appearance here on February 23, 1874. Yours truly,
GEORGE R. THOMPSON, Manager.
NEW YORK, Jan. 21, 1874.
Mr. S. C. France.—Dear Sir.—I am glad to hear of the great success of your drama, "Marked for Life." It is a good play, and one of the best ever produced at this Theatre. With sincere honor for its future prosperity, I remain, yours truly, WM. B. FRELIGH, Manager.
Per Chas. Foster, Stage-manager.
FRONT-STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE, Jan. 9, '74.
To Managers.—Mr. France performed at this Theatre for one week, to crowded houses, in his new drama, "Marked for Life." I consider it one of the best dramas of the kind before the public, and it would be a sure card in any city. Yours truly, WM. E. SINN, Manager.
Managers having open dates address
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WALTER, YOUNG AMERICA
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AGGREGATION
Travels by wagon. Starts from SAUGATUCK, MICH., about May 5, where the proprietor is building everything new.

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GYMNASTS, such as Trapeze and Bar Performers (leaping and tumbling a specialty),
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LIGHT AND HEAVY BALANCERS,
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A GOOD RESPONSIBLE AGENT
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MUST BE GOOD IN THEIR LINE.
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Also wanted, a LEADER OF ORCHESTRA.
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Clown and Comic Singer,
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FOR THE TENTING SEASON OF 1874,
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None but responsible managers need apply. 48-1t*

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
One lady vocalist, serio-comic.
Two double song-and-dance men who can do single acts.
Salary low but sure.
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OSCAR WILLIS - - - - - - - - Manager.
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Talent of a first-class order wanted immediately. Address as above. 48-1t*

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ARTHUR LATOUR, the Great American Gymnast, having returned to this country, takes pleasure in announcing that he has secured the young and talented Lady Gymnast,
MISS IRENE McALLISTER
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THE FINEST LADY
SINGLE TRAPEZE PERFORMER IN THE COUNTRY,
Now at the Dominion Theatre, Montreal, Canada. Academy of Music, Toronto, March 2; Aims' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, March 30, two weeks. DISENGAGED FOR THE TENTING SEASON. 48-1t

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FORMERLY WALNUT-STREET THEATRE.
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PAUSE & CO., - - - - - - - - - - PROPRIETORS
Performers of Ability and Combinations will please send their lowest terms. Salaries sure. Address
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ALEX. DAVIS,
Acknowledged by all who have witnessed his entertainment
TO BE THE
PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD,
IS NOW ENGAGED AND WILL POSITIVELY APPEAR WITH THE
DELEHANTY & HENGLER COMPANY,
AT A SALARY OF $350 PER WEEK.
MAKE NO MISTAKE. THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE BEST.
FUN IN THE KITCHEN,
GREAT HIT IN NEW YORK, BY DELEHANTY AND HENGLER. 48-2t

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We desire to call your attention to our specialties in
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Having had years of experience in catering to the
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MIDNIGHT MASK.
STANLEY M'KENNA'S
NEW PLAY,
WITH THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN
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Bowery Theatre, March 15.
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Can be had during the coming season for PITTSBURGH and ALLEGHENY CITIES.
THE BEST LOCATION KNOWN.
Situated at the end of the SUSPENSION BRIDGE (Allegheny side).
Dimensions, 235 by 290 feet.
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CAN BE ENGAGED FOR
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COMPANY,
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SUPERB ORCHESTRA.
Will make a tour through the
PRINCIPAL CITIES
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commencing about May 15. In presenting this combination to the public, the manager feels confident that he will be able to offer them an entertainment that shall in every way be superior to any company that has ever yet VISITED THE NORTHWEST.

WANTED.
A DASHING SOUBRETTE,
MUST BE A GOOD SINGER,
A WALKING LADY, AND TWO RESPONSIBLE MEN WHO CAN PLAY IN BAND.
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CAN BE ENGAGED FOR THE TENTING SEASON.
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MISS JENNIE TURNOUR
EQUESTRIENNE AND FEMALE GYMNAST,
having just returned from the South, after an absence of two years, can be engaged by responsible managers only. Line of business: Principal Act, Juggling on Horseback, Swinging Trapeze and Juggling on Slack Wire. Address all communications care of CLIPPER OFFICE, N. Y. 1t*

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I am once more prepared to take orders for wax figures, and can finish at short notice
THE LORD'S SUPPER,
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THE DOUBLE-HEADED BABY,
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FIRST-CLASS
MALE AND FEMALE ARTISTS
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Address CHARLES WHITNEY, Allegheny House,
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GENERAL PERFORMER, can be engaged for the coming season of '74. Business: Hurdle act, two and four horses, Pete Jenkins, and scene acts of all description.
Address 933 Noble st., Philadelphia, Pa. 48-1t*

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AND
J. J. WALLACE.
Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, one week, March 2, then Wood's Museum, New York, until April 1. 48-2t

TONY PASTOR,
WITH HIS TRAVELING COMPANY,
WILL START MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1874,
Visiting all the principal cities of the East, West, North and South.
E. D. DAVIES
(The Original), the Premiere Ventriloquist of the World,
HAS BEEN ENGAGED AT AN ENORMOUS SALARY.
THE GARNELLA BROTHERS,
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WHOSE GYMNASTIC AND ACROBATIC FEATS ARE WITHOUT A PARALLEL
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The Popular Irish and Ethiopian Comedian and Musical Wonder.
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The Champion Song-and-Dance Men of the World.
BILLY BARRY,
The Mon

THE FIREMAN'S DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY L. WILLIAMS, JR.

Did you happen to know Hank Ludlow?
I reckon *I* did! How he hung
Round Jefferson street and Division
Until the Hall bell would be rung;
Then, let me tell you, he'd drop his loaf,
And the gay old series of shoots
By which he'd reach Twenty-six's door
Was wuth any two pair of boots!

You never heerd tell o' Pothemus?
A Quaker—so rich—East Broadway!
He kep' a big warehouse in Pearl street,
Tha; flared up 'bout six in the day;
Insurance lay thick on that building,
Sheet iron the windows and doors,
With something like thousands of hogsheads
Of ile—whale and sparm—on the floors.

We was all on the rouse in our ward—
Big Six had her rope two blocks long!
Old Fuit. crowded down with her tender
(The printers' boys' "roller"), and Ten;
Old Peterson out in her glory,
And Bunker Hill's double-deck squirt,
With Half Hundred Hose and lots beside,
Come sailing along, mighty pearl.

Thirty-six, with her white-and-gold sides,
Nice buff leather hose on her reels,
Smooth and soft as the cheeks of her calves—
A milliner's bandbox on wheels;
Her driver had backed out Sunday,
From feeding the pump-box of Nine,
Along of Nine's foreman a swearing
When her fel's weren't rapping her fine.

So Hank had a grudge on Oceana,
And knew she would try to be first,
When he meant to have Valley Forge there,
Though his heart's best vein should be burst;
He was right down hunk at the tongue—
He'd steer 'round a corner so close,
And bear his weight on the springy shaft
So she'd not tip over a dose.

Thirty-six had her house more nearer
For a fire broke out at that spot,
And she led to Rutgers' College,
But Hank had her pace to a dot.
He had jist got Old Valley a-going
At the rope her fellers liked,
And if she didn't flash up Monroe,
Then I'll be teetotally spiked.

It was nip and tuck for two minutes,
Then both had to turn at the Square;
Thirty-six had the lanemost turn,
And things looked immortally quare!
But Hank hollered out to the laddies:
"There's a blaze! Come, now, say yer will!
We've *got* to git hose on the hydrant
First man I or else there'll be a spill!"

But there! at that miser'ble moment,
Who but one of them College girls
Come along with a book of moseing,
As, abreast, up the pair of us whirls.
Hank had got the tongue p'nted O K
To rise Twenty-six on the walk,
And cut on that sinful fancy carriage
Of any more taliness of talk.

That girl give a squeal, and she trembled;
Like snow turned her cheeks and her lips—
And our fellers could just stack the rope
Bo's to serve—but not to help slips.
Down she dropped, then and there. As for Hope
In *her* case, that card takes no bet!
With our carriage so nigh a-top her,
Dead-end on her, making a set!

In the flush—for our cart would have passed,
It's as certain as Croton flows—
Hank thought it best, the letting her rip!
And a mumble—a groan—a sigh!
But then he just got his pride under,
As he swung Valley Forge's tongue round—
Her jammed her-amack grinds like nothings.
But the carriage? She heid her ground.

Hind wheels in the air, and a-spinning;
Like a paver a-rolling down hill!
And the front ones the bars a grinding
Like the big stone of Hecker's Mill.
The hose-reels a-busting the sides off,
The panel of Washington silled,
And Thirty-six come down the street—
That's the time Old Rutgers was riled!

The gal? I forgot. Picked up and dusted;
Not anything wuss—bar the fright;
But Hank was h'isted up. Bruises!
Our fellers never see such a sight!
Though crushing by hoss walls a stunner,
And distillery-scorching like—Well!
It beat Foreman Gabe, I remember,
Crushed under the Dutch Church's bell.

You may read at your Dickensy lectures,
Ot *shiver-leares* often who died
In a sheet iron suit all over,
With a spear, through a j'int, inside;
I wonder how they would have took it
To be hurled full split at a rail,
With the steel tongue of Rutgers splintered,
And a-spiting you like a quail?

I kin jist go my pile, my bully,
That the Reservoir up there above
For men who die so-fash for women
Never runs dry of love.

BELLE MONTAGUE;

OR,

THE "LADY" AND THE "ACTRESS."

A STORY OF THE STAGE.

CHAPTER VIII.

A rose-bud set with little willful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
TENNYSON.

Jack walked home through the snow, and slept the sleep of the just. But he had his dreams, and they were all of fairies—fairies with sweet, oval faces and deep, childlike eyes—fairies with pretty, diffident voices—fairies whose family names were all Montague, and whom in his sleep he heard called Mary.

Such dreams should bear fruit; and Jack swallowed his chocolate and devoured his half a pound of steak with the celerity of a city clerk. He had remembered, in his sleep perhaps, that Beaumont had law relations with a West-end manager, and could perhaps obtain for him an engagement for Mr. Montague's cracked brain. Shallow, Mr. Montague's chambers were in Gray's Inn, and thither Jack's cab conveyed him, striking admiration to the hearts of the copying clerks an l law stationers of the locality, who watched it draw up and deposit its owner on the pavement in a way indicative of satisfaction. Mr. Beaumont was in, and received Jack cordially.

"Don't put your cigar out, old fellow, or I shall be offended. Sit down; it's the only comfortable chair, and I'll perch, like the vulture that I am, on this stool."

Then he listened with a smile to Jack's story, and saw that it was to his interest to help him.

"By Jove!" he said, "the very thing; how lucky you dropped in this morning, Jack. Here's a letter from Bateldoor, the manager of the Thespian. He is looking for a walking gentleman, and all that sort of thing; but he's fearfully stingy, a regular screw; they say his company doesn't smell a meat dinner once a fortnight."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Jack. "I'll arrange that. Where's his address?"

"He lives here in St. John's Wood—they all live in St. John's Wood. Where is it?—let me see—oh, here you are."

And he handed Jack the manager's card. Jack rose.

"Not going already?" said Beaumont reproachfully. "Oh, come, you know, wait until I can produce the legal sherry and biscuit, old fellow."

"No," said Jack with a smile. "I won't stay, Beau. I am red-hot over this affair, and I shall go sharp on to this fellow and make terms. Ah, Beau, if you could have heard her voice as she pleaded for him—if you could have seen the poor old fellow sitting so wearily and sadly!"

"I should have shed tears, no doubt!" said Beaumont, laughing. "It's a thousand pities, old fellow, you left the bar; you'd have made a grand thing one day—a woman to plead for."

Jack shook hands.

"There's no moving you, Beau," he said, with his good-humored laugh. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye, old Jack," said Beaumont. "Oh, by the way, how is Lady Scrivener?"

"Very well," replied Jack.

"And—Lady Maud?"

"Also very well," returned Jack. "You have not called there very lately, have you?"

"N—no," said Beaumont. "I really must soon. "Good-bye, old fellow."

And he shook hands again, and looked over the banisters as Jack ran down the dark stairs at the evident peril of his neck.

"There goes an idiot," muttered Mr. Beaumont, raking in the mud for pebbles when a crown of beauty is in the way. I wonder whether I shall succeed in snatching it from him. Lady Maud must know of this mad freak of benevolence, and at once."

And he proceeded to wash his hands and prepare for a visit to the Villa. Meanwhile Jack's cab had dashed into the arid wilds of St. John's Wood.

He found the manager of the Thespian at the address on the card, and his elegant and unmistakable equipage, which the manager had seen through the blind of his dressing-room, obtained him an interview.

He was shown into a gorgeous little drawing-room, all crimson, gold and statuary marble, and there entered to him a personage in a dressing-gown to match—all crimson, purple, blue and yellow, with enormous tassels of bullion. The owner of this piece of magnificence bowed and made his excuses.

"We theatrical gentlemen," said he, "reverse the maxim. 'Late to bed and later to rise' is our motto. I hope I have not kept you waiting too long."

"No," said Jack with his pleasant smile, that won all dispositions. "And I must not keep you too long from your breakfast. My story is, you will be glad to hear, a short one."

And, in as concise and agreeable a form as he could put it, he made known the business of his visit: Would Mr. Battledoor make room for Horatius Montague and his beautiful daughter?

"Or," added Jack, "Mr. Montague alone."

The manager knitted his brow, and put forward the usual excuses. Jack smiled.

"I have this matter at heart," he said. "I am particularly anxious to serve Mr. Montague, and do not mind expending a little filthy lucre to attain my purpose."

"Aye," said the manager, seeing his way more clearly, and thinking it best to be very candid, "you intend to pay half of Mr. Montague's salary?"

"That's it!" said Jack, delighted. "I am glad you put it so; I should have broken about the bush for an hour. I will pay half the salary, but it must be a great one. You shall give him two-thirds of the usual one, and I will double it. Of course the money must come from you."

"Just so," said the manager, "and the matter between us two in confidence."

"In strict confidence," said Jack earnestly. "And Miss Montague?"

"Well, I will do the same in her case—two-thirds," said the manager.

"Agreed," said Jack, "conditionally. But"—he hesitated—"how do you know that they have talent enough for the Thespian? Have you seen them?"

The manager smiled shrewdly.

"Oh, my dear sir," he said, "the public find nothing but talent at the Thespian. The name carries all before it, and a man playing on our boards is hall-marked. Hah! hah! But, as it happens, I have seen Montague, and heard a deal lately of his daughter. We managers make it our business to keep a sharp lookout on debutantes; sometimes something worth having is picked up on the quiet."

"As now," said Jack, with a smile.

"Perhaps so," said the manager candidly, and Jack parted from the florid dressing-gown well pleased with his success.

It was only natural that, having worked so hard, Jack should think of his reward. And yet he was reluctant to take it, and stood on the pavement staring at his showy and serviceable cab thoughtfully, stroking his moustache and trying to make up his mind. But he got in without having done so, and it was not until he had been driving for some time, and caught himself looking up at the names of the streets, that he discovered he was looking for Harleigh street. He found it out at last, a quiet little street, and pulled up at the owner's door, deciding with good taste not to stop the attractive vehicle at Mr. Montague's humble door.

"Mr. Montague is out, sir," said the servant.

"And Miss Montague?" asked Jack, his heart leaping at the thought of seeing the gentle Mary alone.

"Which one, sir, if you please?"

Jack started.

"Which one?" he repeated. "Are there two—how many are there?"

"Two, sir," said the servant.

"Miss Mary," said Jack.

"She's out, sir; gone with Mr. Montague," said the maid, beginning to shiver, and wondering whether the joint she had left at the fire would be quite a cinder by the time she got back.

"Well," said Jack, in desperation, "how long do you think they will be?"

"I don't know, sir. Would you be pleased to come in and wait, sir? Miss Pattie is in; upstairs please, sir; front door on your left, and knock."

Jack climbed up the narrow but neatly carpeted stairs and halted before the first door on the left, but he hesitated before knocking. In the first place, it seemed to him a most extraordinary thing to walk in upon a young lady unannounced; and for the second, he was not sure of the welcome. Who was Miss Pattie? what might she not think of this seemingly unaccountable intrusion?

Because Mary was gentle and beautiful it did not follow that her sister should be as angelic, and Miss Pattie might rise like a dragon to defend Mr. Montague's castle (i. e., his house—"Every Englishman's"—etc.), and give him a sharp time of it. While he was deciding, or rather procrastinating, a sweet, thin little voice called out:

"Who's that fidgeting outside?"

This turned the scale. Jack, with evident trepidation, notwithstanding the sweetness of the voice, knocked timidly.

"Come in," said Pattie, and Jack went in.

At first he could see nothing, and was stepping out again when the voice spoke again, and exclaiming: "Well?" seemed to proceed from a little heap of shawls lying on the extreme corner of the sofa. Jack advanced, hat in hand, and addressed the shawls:

"I am afraid you will think this a very rude intrusion, Miss ——"

"Pattie," said the voice.

"Miss Montague," said Jack. "But I came to see Mr. Montague, and was told by the servant to step up here and wait."

"Well," said Pattie, extending the peephole, and showing, with the gesture of a fairy throwing aside her veil, her beautiful face and golden hair, which sight Jack almost started, and certainly felt a kind of manly reverence and pity, "well, and why don't you sit down?"

Jack sat down—conscious that the large, patient eyes were making an inventory of his every feature, and the child-mind was drawing its conclusions therefrom—and looked at the fire.

There was a solemn silence for five minutes, broken by Pattie saying, with much petulance:

"Don't let the fire go out. Why don't you poke it? You're nearest."

Jack poked the fire and smiled. Perhaps he did not display much energy in the performance, for the sweet voice said decisively:

"I am afraid you are very lazy."

"I'm afraid I am," said Jack, laughing outright, but not loudly, since it would have been an insult to the tiny creature.

At his laugh Pattie sat up and threw the shawl from her head.

"Your name is Hamilton," she said naively.

"It is," he said. "But how did you guess?" he asked, feeling surprised.

"Jack?" she said.

"That's right," he assented; "Jack Hamilton."

"You are very rich?"

"Well, yes, I am," he said. "I hope that doesn't weigh against me?"

"And you keep private carriages to place at the disposal of poor people who have not any of their own?"

Jack colored. He was beaten at all points. There was no withstanding this little elf, and he lowered his flag immediately.

"You are quite right," he said, "excepting the matter of carriages. I should want to be the General Omnibus Company to do that. But won't you tell me how you know?"

"No," said Pattie slowly. "Carry me to that chair, please."

Jack took her in his arms, with a sensation almost of awe, and placed her in the great armchair. Some of her wonderful hair clung to his shoulder, and he had to take it off before he could release her, and in the act felt as if he were losing a blessing.

"Thank you," she said softly. "You are very strong."

"I am, thank Heaven!" said Jack devoutly.

"You carry me better than anyone ever did; did you ever carry anyone before?"

"No," said Jack, "never."

"Oh," said Pattie thoughtfully; "I wonder you do it so well; it requires practice, father says. You came to see father. What do you want with him?"

Jack hesitated.

Pattie's eyes riddled him through and through meanwhile.

"I think I can be of some service to him, Miss Montague."

"Don't call me Miss Montague," said Pattie. "Miss Montague—I'm too small for such a long name, it sounds ugly. Pattie is my name—Pattie. I suppose you know how to spell it?"

Jack nodded, with a smile.

"P-a-t-t-y?"

"What a dunce you are!" said the child-woman. "P-a-t-i-e—that's Pattie."

"It's a very pretty name," said Jack, taking the correction with humility.

"Prettier than Jack," said Pattie, shaking her head. "But you haven't told me what you want with my dear pet. I'm afraid you are a sly thing. Artful, you mean, very artful."

"I hope not," said Jack, "I sincerely hope not, Miss—Pattie."

"Then tell me," said she, and Jack, quite unable to resist her, told her something of the purport of his visit.

She listened with her little face hidden, and when he had finished said very softly:

"I like Jack; it's prettier than I thought."

"Come," he said, "I am glad of that. May I poke the fire now? I am afraid it will go out."

"Yes," she said, "and put some coals on, please. And so you are very rich; what do you do with all your money, now?"

"Spend it," said Jack, "and"—with a sigh—"waste it, I am afraid."

"Oh," she said thoughtfully, "it must be very nice to be rich."

"You think so?" said Jack, drawing nearer the fire, and preparing to enjoy the discussion in his simple-hearted, good-natured way. "What would you do if you had twenty thousand a year?"

"Twenty thousand shillings, do you mean?" she asked, still looking at the fire.

"No, pounds," he said, with a smile.

She turned her eyes to him.

"I don't know," she said. "But if I were very rich I'd buy a big house for my father, and a carriage for him to ride in, and a fine easy-chair—a real easy-chair, you know, all padded and leather, with a spring in it to send you through the ceiling if you sit down too quick; and—and—grand clothes, gentleman's clothes, like yours, and diamond studs, like yours, and—and—oh, ever so many things."

"Yes?" he said, drawing her on.

"And for Mary I'd buy a velvet dress with rubies and pearls worked in the body, and a crown of diamonds, and a horse for her to ride, and plenty of books—Mary's very fond of books—and—and everything she wanted."

"And yourself, what would your highness procure for your own delight?" asked Jack.

"For me? Oh, let me see. Well, I don't want anything, I think. It would be a waste to buy anything you didn't want, you know."

"Oh, come, think of something!" said Jack.

She thought hard.

"Well," she said at last, reluctantly and slowly, "if I bought anything I think it would be a little wheel-chair, a snug little carriage, that my dear could push me into the parks with. I've never been there, you know, but I know what they are like. There's some trees there."

Jack turned his head aside—the two patient eyes were too much for him.

"Anything else?" he said.

"Yes," she said; "I'm afraid I'm greedy, but I should like a nosegay of flowers every morning."

"Do you like flowers?" said Jack.

"I love them!" she replied, clasping her doll's hands together, and staring at the fire, "I love them. My dear often brings me some—but, oh! Mary brought me the most beautiful bunch you ever saw in your life. I daresay you never saw such beauties. Mary brought them from the theatre; a little girl—as small as me—gave them to her!" And in a rapt voice she proceeded to describe Jack's bouquet. "I never saw such flowers, never. My dear said he had, but that was long, long ago, he said. They are in my room, where I can see them when I wake; poor dears, it's very lonely for them, but it's too hot in here."

Jack looked hard at the fire, and to change the subject remarked that he thought it was going to snow, and that he feared Mr. Montague would get wet.

"Snowing again," said Pattie, shuddering. "Do you like the snow?"

"Yes," said Jack, "sometimes."

"It's very cold," said she, "but I like to look at it."

"Do you?" said Jack. "Let me carry you to the window."

"Very well," she said. "But I'm dreadfully heavy. Don't you think you'll be tired, not being used to it, you know?"

"No," said Jack. "I'm sure I shan't."

And taking up the morsel tenderly—she weighed as little as a human being could weigh—he carried her to the window, drew the shawls well round her, and pointed out the people as they passed, giving each a fictitious history, and feeling a glow of happiness suffuse his heart as this smile came into her face and light into her eyes.

"I like you," she said, "and Jack's a very pretty name indeed. Oh, dear! what is that? What a beautiful horse, and what a grand man!"

And with childish delight she pointed to Jack's turnout, which was pacing up and down the street.

"Why, it's yours!" she said to the child in her look of your mouth. Oh! you sly thing—what a beauty! Ah! it must be very nice to have a live horse like that, with such a beautiful tail."

He laughed.

"I'll remember the tail if I want to sell him," he said, and that set her off into a thin, silvery laughter, which floated elfin-like round the room and chimed in well with Jack's.

Before the concert had finished the door opened, and Mary, blushing with health's beauty, ran in. She stopped short and looked confused at the sight of Jack, and his burden did not lessen his momentary embarrassment.

"Why, Mary!" she cried, "what a time you have been! I shall dismiss you. I've got another donkey now—a stronger one."

And she laughed with loving maliciousness. Jack set her down on the chair and took Mary's hand.

"I fear you will think me an intruder ——"

"You said that before!" was Pattie's inaudible comment.

"But I am anxious to see Mr. Montague, and waited rather than go away without doing so."

"My father will be here shortly," said Mary, removing her bonnet and smoothing her bright brown hair. "We have been to the rehearsal, and walked in the park for a while afterwards. I am so sorry you have been kept waiting."

"And I'm not," said Pattie decisively. "For he has been very amusing."

Mary glanced at the little figure and then up at Jack's face deprecatingly, but Jack reassured her with a smile.

"Your Pattie and I are the best of friends," he said. "She has consented to acknowledge me as a new slave, and I to regard her as my special tyrant."

"Very fine!" said Pattie.

"Will you not sit down?" said Mary, and she touched Jack's chair.

He sat down, and Pattie looked from one to the other with infinite enjoyment. Jack never could tell what they talked about, although he often tried to

wisdom. "I shall discover. The principal thing is to see her."

"I will take you to-night," said Jack, rising and buttoning his coat. "No, I won't stay, thank you. Give my love to aunt. I shall be here at six."

And with averted gaze he shook hands and departed. At six o'clock the brougham was at the door, and a minute or two afterwards Jack, in full evening dress, stood beside it.

"S-nd word to your mistress that I am here," he said to the servant, "and that my shoes are too snowy for me to come in."

By that means he avoided Lady Maud's quick eyes and could keep his grim, stern face out of her sight for a little longer. In a few minutes her ladyship appeared, beautiful as a passion-flower, majestic as a queen. She wore an evening dress, plain but deep-hued, and of the richest material. As he looked at her from his place beside the open carriage-door he thought of the Queen of Sheba and groaned. The journey—voyage, Lady Maud called it—was gone through almost in silence. When the carriage pulled up at the Signet her wonder was great.

"What a strange place, how brilliantly lighted! But, Jack, look there! What a horrid face!" and she gave vent to a long-drawn shudder.

"Come," said Jack rather impatiently. "String your nerves, Maud. There are some more unwashed faces inside."

She clung to him with the grandest of scornful shudders as they ascended the grand staircase, and shrank into the corner of the private box, when they had reached it, as if she dreaded contamination from every whiff of the atmosphere of such a dreadful place.

Jack bore it all, as he would have borne a great deal more from a woman, with silent immovability. Indeed, he had to bear a great deal more, for at each scene Lady Maud smiled contemptuously, and each actor—Mr. Montague especially—she held up to the sharpest ridicule, and at the women she shuddered visibly. Jack's nerves were at high pitch when Mary came on. He feared—he dreaded, and not without cause.

"Oh, Jack, what a bold, wicked-looking face!" exclaimed Lady Maud. "Look at it beneath its simper of innocent shyness, put on with the paint; it's a dreadful face, Jack."

"I call it a beautiful one," he trusted himself to say.

"Ah, you men are so easily deceived," said her ladyship. "The paint is an inch thick, and there is bedizoma under her eyes."

Jack could not help smiling even in the bitterness of his heart, for had he not seen that selfsame face, under its present circumstances too, within a yard of his own nose?

"And what a voice, so deceitful and affected! And yet there are some men who would call that poor painted creature pretty. Jack, an idea has just struck me!"

"What is it, Maud?" he asked with noble gentleness.

"That is the creature who has bewitched poor Beaumont."

Jack started, although he had expected it.

"Maud," he said with a broken voice. "Heaven forgive you! I know you do not mean it, but you cut me to the heart with your cruel unclarity. That face is a good one, and I know it, let it have bewitched Beaumont, or any other man. I—I am thirsty. Let me go and get something, and I will return directly."

He left the box abruptly, and Lady Maud leant back with her eyes closed. She was suffering in her way more than she shot wounded her in the shooting, seeing the pain it produced in his heart.

"It is for his good," she muttered. "For his good—and mine. This will cure him—it is curing him, I know."

Jack did not come back till the closing of the last act, and then looked steadfastly away from his sweet companion, who drew her cloak round her with one last shudder and begged him to take her out to the carriage.

"You had better wait until the crush is over," he said quietly.

"Very well," she said.

"Have you found—what you came to find?" he asked with a touch of bitterness.

"Ah, yes," she said. "Poor Beaumont! I am sure that painted girl who played the fairy queen was she. Poor fellow!"

* * * * * * *

At this moment the comedy was being extended behind the scenes. Anderson had kept his eyes on Mary, and was getting anxious that his part of the plot should be carried to success. The ingredients were ready, and in the most natural way possible he came rushing up to the greenroom.

"Miss Montague there?" he said.

"Yes," said Mary, coming out ready dressed for home.

"Oh, I'm sorry to disturb you, but a woman is waiting at the stage-door who says she wants to see you."

"Me?" said Mary.

"Yes," said Anderson, averting his eyes from her surprised ones.

"I will come," said Mary, and she followed him to the stage-door.

A woman stood there with a bundle in her arms.

"Oh, miss," said she, "forgive a poor creature for daring to trouble you, but the manager is so strict. Would ye mind holding the poor little innocent whilst I go in to speak to him? He won't allow no babies behind the scenes."

"I will hold her," said Mary; "but be quick, please."

And with a smile she took the little thing and with a woman's divine love drew aside its voluminous wraps to peep at it.

"Dear little thing!" she murmured. "So cold a night too!"

And she pressed it to her in the most natural way, unconscious that the sadly penitent Tubbs, who had hovered about her, longing to beg her pardon, but not daring to do so ever since the quarrel in the green-room, was hovering about her this instant.

* * * * * * *

The crush was over, and Jack took his Queen of Sheba down the stairs.

"Where is the brougham?" said he. "I do not see it."

"Oh, do not let us wait. It is round the corner," said Lady Maud, who, of course, had given her instructions. "It is a beautiful night! We will go round to it, please."

Jack, without a word, took her round, and was opening the door of the carriage, which was very nearly opposite the stage entrance, when a sight met his eyes that made him start.

There in the doorway stood Mary Montague, the woman who had stolen all his heart, pressing a child to her bosom, and a man, he remembered him, standing proudly by.

He turned pale and clutched the door. Lady Maud, who had entered the carriage, caught his arm.

"Look, Jack!" said she, in a whisper, "there she is, the imputed darling!"

The whisper was not so low but it reached Mary's ears. She looked up and saw the pair, turned pale at them, and naturally fell back and fled down the narrow passage.

This was enough for Jack, but not for Lady Maud. She stopped him from getting into the carriage, and called to a man who had just emerged from the entrance. He approached and lifted his hat; he was Anderson the actor.

"My man," said Lady Maud, "can you tell me who that young person was who stood here just now?"

"With the baby?" said Anderson.

Lady Maud nodded.

"Miss Montague," said Anderson, without looking at Jack.

"And the—man?"

"Father of the child," said Anderson.

"Mrs. Montague, then!" said Lady Maud.

"No, ma'am," said the man, with a significant shrug.

Jack turned faint and grasped the door. Before he could speak, however, Lady Maud drew him in, and the carriage rolled away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HENRY AS AN ACTOR.

In Brooklyn, on Sunday evening, Feb. 15, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preached upon the difficulty of acquiring correct religious habits, and the comparative ease of maintaining them when once they have become second nature. "Many may look upon religion," he said, "as an insurance policy against final loss by fire." He described that kind of religion so funnily that the congregation laughed outright. "They go to church every Sunday," he said, pulling his coat close around him, drawing his face down dolorously, and rolling up his eyes. "The hymns are doled out to them, a good, sound, dry sermon is preached to them, and the most eloquent passage of all is their going out. They attend prayer meetings, too—most dismal prayer meetings." Here his lower jaw dropped, more of the whites of his eyes showed, and his hands were clasped before him. "There are some comfortable things in Greenwood, but none in one of those prayer meetings. They go through the exercises solemnly, and the brethren try to say something—they do say the same things they have been saying twenty years. Then the services are mercilessly cut short, and they go gloomily home."

"How can she be anything else?" asked her ladyship with serene scorn. "An actress at a low theatre! Oh, Jack, can there be anything more degrading?"

"Yes, a thousand things," said Jack hotly, and he would have added—only that the creature sitting opposite him was a leopardess and not a leopard—"the mind that has no charity;" but he stopped short, and Lady Maud ran on:

"It seems," said she, "that he has been to a place called the Swan—no, the Signet, at the East-end of the town, and seen her there."

Jack uttered an exclamation, and Lady Maud stopped.

"What is the matter?" said she.

"Nothing," he said rather hoarsely. "Go on."

"She is a fairy, or a nymph, or something else equally disgraceful with a beauty face, perhaps, and a cunning tongue. Still, I cannot understand a man of intellect like Beaumont being deceived. However she managed to throw a glamour over his eyes I cannot conceive!"

"What is her name?" asked Jack brokenly.

"I do not know," said Lady Maud. "Of course Mr. Beaumont did not tell me all this, but I am quick and read it."

"How?" asked Jack.

"The other day he mentioned the place, the Signet. I fancied there was something embarrassed about his tone of voice, and asked him some questions. He confessed then that there were some pretty girls there; that he had—oh, Jack, I cannot go on with the absurdity. I am ashamed of him!"

Jack sat silent, his heart beating fast. What was his proper course? A mad and passionate defense of the theatre and the poor actress would avail nothing. Lady Maud's scorn would overwhelm him in a moment. Besides, he was silent through jealousy.

Who was this actress? Could it be Mary? The green-eyed monster leapt up into his heart and turned the room spinning. Lady Maud's next words roused him.

"He is an old friend of aunt's," she said sadly, "and, Jack, help me to save him from this. I have such a regard for him."

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I don't know," she pondered, looking at the fire and rejoicing at the way in which her scheme was progressing. "I cannot tell until I see her. And to do that I must go to the theatre."

Jack was nearly bursting out again at the shudder of horror that accompanied these words.

"You must?" he said sternly.

"I must," she repeated, "and, Jack, I think I should not mind going so much if I went alone with you."

"With me?" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she said. "Will you take me?"

He nodded.

"Then the sooner the better," she said. "Will you take me to-night?"

"Yes," he said; "but of what use will it be if you do not know which—which one it is he—he—is in love with?"

"Leave that to me," she said, with a smile of

THE GRAND AGGREGATION OF KALAMAZOO.

To the Consumptive Club.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOE A. GULICK.

The landlord sat in his easy-chair,
And the heart in his bosom began to swell,
For he said "I begin a new life to-day—
What money I'll make in my new hotel!"

No guest had he yet, when a pompous man
Came into the office, said "How do you do?
I'm the agent for Bilkem & Company's show,
Called *The Grand Aggregation of Kalamazoo.*"

And the landlord smiled as he made the terms,
And he rubbed his hands and he took a drop;
And said he: "What distinction 'twill be for me
To keep the hotel where the actors stop!"

Now the actors came, with their "dices" queer,
And he smilingly showed the men their bunks;
Said he: "'Tis a company No. 1—
I can tell by the weight of their heavy trunks."

They stopped a week, and the show was "thin"—
So likewise the houses to which they played;
And one morning the landlord found them gone,
And not one cent of their bill was paid.

He rushed up-stairs like a man gone wild,
Uttering curses, groans and growls—
For the chambermaid said in a mournful voice:
"We are minus a dozen of them new towels."

He rushed to the trunks, and the locks he sprung,
And set up a wailing, plaintive roar,
For the heavy trunks were full of bricks,
And besides were screwed to the oaken floor.

And he smiled in his agony then he saw the trick,
And his eyes sent forth a revengeful glance;
And he said: "No actors I'll take again
If they paid me their board-bill in advance."

So he settled his bone for a blunderbuss,
And shot himself seven times through and through;
And his ghost still walks in its restless search
For The Grand Aggregation of Kalamazoo.

POKER WILLIAMS:

And How They Put Up a Job on Him.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BERMUDAS.

It was on the evening of a hot, dusty day in Washoe, that four men could have been seen sitting at a rough table in the centre of a miner's shanty. Outside, the wind was howling like the Furies, the usual bedlam was in full uproar up, and down, holding high carnival up and down the straggling streets, through the deep gulches, and playing all manner of pranks with loose articles that happened to be portable.

The men were engaged in the then prevailing pastime of playing poker. At the right side of the table, nearest the fireplace, sat the champion poker-player of the district—"Poker Williams" by name—and opposite him sat his partner and the practical joker of Washoe, commonly called "Hickory" Johnson. The two gentlemen who graced the ends were mutual friends of the hosts, and bore the names of Slim Geerge and "Nugget" Jimmy, which last title was conferred upon the owner because he had found the largest nugget in the diggings; and I might add that it was gambled away within six hours of its discovery.

The conversation, when we ventured to look in, was upon female beauty. The opinions given upon the subject were crude in the main, and somewhat characteristic.

"Don't," said Slim George with a graceful wave of the hand, "don't give me none of your city gals lookin' out of winders on Sunday. Poker, I said. Give me somethin' solid, that when she sets down she takes up as much room as a washtub. That's the style for me! Marry that kine of a woman if she hasn't got a rag to her back!"

"That's so, that's so," said Jimmy, stroking his chin thoughtfully; then, George, I don't quite agree ez to *weight*. You see, George, it id come kinder heavy keepin' two hundred pounds in board an' clothes. I think you'd better hedge a little on ther weight, George.

"What's your 'pinion on ther question, Poker?"

Poker, thus appealed to, raised a good-natured, honest-looking face to the speaker, and replied:

"Your right ez ter health, George; but give me booty in ther face, booty in ther shape, an' I'm satisfied. I never could shear a ugly woman."

Hickory winked slyly at the others, and then remarked in an off-hand way:

"Haven't seen thet gal thet come from Dobbin, in Nipple Gap, I s'pose? Thar, thar, boys! thar's beauty an' everything combined! H-e-v-e-n-'-t — y-o-u —e-e-n—h-e-r? Well, I swar! Boys, she's got ther footsies of a fairy hand an' foot you ever see; an' as ter looks, I swar she's a perfic angel!"

Instantly Poker Williams was rapt attention; Hickory had struck him in his tender spot, and the foolish, tender-hearted fellow was grist to the mill of the practical joker.

"You see, boys," resumed Hickory Johnson, "I'm acquainted with her brother—that sick fellow, you know; an' she's been yer some wicks now, a-nussin him. She went down to Dobbin a day er so ago, an'll be back pooty soon. I'm wonderin' how it is Poker ain't acquainted—he's a feller as likes ter shine 'round'—an' that's what gits me. Anyhow, when she gits back I'll take ye all down and give ye an interduction."

"Put it thar," said Poker, and the two shook hands.

Slim George had by this time fallen fast asleep. The quick eye of the practical joker noted the fact, and he immediately took advantage of it. Whispering to the others to go on as if they were playing, he blew out the guttering candle. George slumbered on, while his companions carried out the joke. Immense sums were staked, and the game had reached an exciting point, when a hard object came against the shanty with a tremendous bang.

"Rough payers on outdoors, that air is," said Hickory. "I'll bet that was Doolan's sign from ther sonn' of ther glass."

The crash woke up Slim George, who rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Hickory coughed.

"Comin' to the time, George?" said he. "Hold on, pardner, thet's a misdeal."

Slim George said not a word. He stood upon his feet and felt about him. It was dark as pitch, and there were his friends still playing. What could it mean? He sidled his eyes again, but still he could not see. A pause ensued.

"*Struck blind while gamblin'!*" he yelled, and fell to the floor.

"Light the candle, quick!" said Hickory. "By go, he's got er fit!"

True enough: the awful sense of the supposed calamity had thrown the strong man into convulsions. They got him out into the air, and in a few minutes he came to.

"Poker," said the repentant Hickory, as they turned in, "never you play sich a joke on a friend; an' ef he plays sich a one on you, wing 'im, Poker—wing 'im, an' I'll fergive ye."

"Certainly, Hickory; but how about ther gal? I don't see how in thunder you've never said nothin' about her."

"Well, ye see, Poker, I said nothin', fer fear you'd be goin' off, an' then I'd lose a pardner. I'm a-most sorry I said anythin', anyhow. My boy, you orter see her. Sez I to myself when I first got sight on her, 'Thar's a woman 'at's perfic; thar's a woman as I'd just ez lief as not be pardner.' Sez she, 'Jack,' sez she, 'I'm a-most sorry I said anythin', anyhow. My boy, you orter see her. Sez I to myself when I first got sight on her, 'Thar's a woman 'at's perfic; thar's a woman as I'd just ez lief as not be pardner.' Sez she, 'Jack,' said Hickory apologetically, "it kinder went ag'in ther grain at thinkin' of a woman comin' between a man an' his pardner."

"Oh, sho!" said the delighted dupe. "Poker never goes back on a friend. Jist b'ar thet in mine, Hickory."

By degrees Poker got from his partner the fact that the lady in question was beautiful in feature and form; that she was a person calculated to make any man happy; and he even intimated that, if Poker had no leaning that way, he might try his luck himself. And so he led the unsuspecting man on until he was in a perfect fever of excitement. Hickory solemnly promised to introduce his partner to the lady as soon as she returned, and even said he would procure her picture if he could.

Hickory Johnson went to meet and his partner laid awake thinking of the bliss in store for him. He thought of all the pictures of beautiful women he had seen—he even thought of a little golden-haired sister who had died before he came to Washoe—and decided that the strange lady was as beautiful as any of them. He pictured to himself scenes of domestic happiness when he had won her—how proud he would be when men admired his beautiful wife and envied him. And so at last Poker fell asleep, and did not wake up until the sun was high in the air.

Hickory Johnson knew well enough that the lady was not from home—he only wished to get Poker worked up, and then bring about the denouement. He well understood the susceptibility of his partner's nature, and congratulated himself that this would be a joke he ever perpetrated. He let the boys in the secret, and between their praises of the lady they got the subject most hopelessly involved. Understand, Poker Williams was no ninny or dolt. He was simply a good-natured, open-hearted fellow, trusting everybody, and—was the best shot in the district. Often he would lay down his pick, and get the ever-ready Hickory to again enumerate the lady's charms, until he was in a delirium of ecstacy.

"Keep quiet, Poker," Hickory would say after getting him up to boiling point; "wait until she gits back, an' I'll take ye down."

"Hickory," says Poker confidentially, "I'm worth a little, as ye knows; and ef we git spliced, we'll go ter Frisco an' wake 'em up. I tell you, ther old woman'll feel prcud when she sees me comin' home with a han'some wife an' plenty of dust!"

Thus Poker beguiled himself with dreams. He looked upon the thing as already cut and dried. He felt himself a family-man, and was comdescending and patronizing to his friends about him. The dearest wish of his heart was about to be gratified; and when we say that Poker Williams was serenely happy we do not begin to express his feelings. Not a thought of treachery on the part of his partner entered his head; he trusted him as he would a little child. The world looked bright and happy to Williams—there was a glad smile upon everything, and even the little birds seemed to sing a merrier glee. A new existence had opened to him, and he felt strangely happy.

At length, one day, Hickory Johnson announced that the lady had returned, and would be happy to see himself and partner on the following evening. The next day Williams did not do a stroke of work, but stayed home to put his apparel in the most presentable of conditions. For full two hours he sat in the doorway, with the bright sun shining upon his honest face, polishing his revolver until it shone like silver; and as he worked he sang a merry song, at the sound of which the passers-by winked significantly.

As the shades of night came on, Hickory Johnson and partner emerged from their habitation, and took their way down the road. At a discreet distance behind them came those who had the "tip," primed and ready. Poker Williams' heart beat faster and faster as they approached the lady's residence; and as for Hickory, he had to cough violently to conceal his agitation. A little farther on they paused and knocked at a door. As they entered, the crowd outside ranged up alongside the windows, a bro

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

CLIPPER STANDARD DRAMA.

"Arra, now, Porgy."

SCENE I.—*Parlors in the mansion of the retired broker Mopus De Spratt. Pauline sitting pensive on a sofa all by herself, and holding a bunch of flowers to her nose.*

PAULINE.—Who on yairth could have sent me these beautiful flowers? Every day, by gum, I find one of these here bunches of yarbs on my table, and, though I've tried to bribe the pliceman to find out who it are as brings 'em, I'm as much in the dark as ever. Whom can it be? I'll get me to the fortune-teller 'round the corner. P'raps of her I can learn.

Enter BUTTONS *the hall-boy with a note, which he hands to Pauline.*

BUT.—Please, mum, here's a note as was jus' give to Biddy the cook by Porgy Joe, the chap as supplies us with fishes.

PAU.—"Fishes" is vulgar, Buttons. Say "scaly inhabitants of the briny deep," and then I shall understand you. Now, get!

[Reads:] "Dearest missus, idol of my sole, sweeter to me is the taste of your lips than the first fresh shad of the season, and brighter the gleam of your hi than the gleam of a mossbunker's fin as it goes flashin' in silvery rajence through the vaters. Sharp as the blade of a s'ordfish, its glance has stuck me through and through. O draw it hence agen, or draw out me! Biddy, the lady as does your cookin', tells me you's allus wunderin whom can send you them beautiful flowers. Gaze from your casement, love, when nex' you hear the mellifluous axence of my woice, and maybe you will reckonize the sender."

Presumashus! thus I dispose of the feller's missives!

[Tears note and throws it in fire. The voice of JOE *is heard without, crying "Porgies, fresh porgies! All alive, now, all alive, O!" She runs to window, and, seizing a flower-pot, hurls it at him as he passes, wearing at his buttonhole an enormous bunch of flowers.]*

PAU.—Audacious fishmonger!—that be my answer!

SCENE II.—*Interior of* WIDOW MEDDLENOR'S *cabin. The* WIDOW *busy ironin'.*

WIDOW M.—Where can Joe be, I wonder? The soup's all cold, and the gravy's turned to grease long ago, but the boy don't come. Ah! me; I'm afeard some'at besides fish has got into his head.

PORGY JOE *enters excitedly.*

PORGY.—Joy, old gal, give me joy! I win de prize. *[Holds up a bunch of eels.]* Danc'd for 'em dis mornin' at de markit. Aint it high?

WID.—What are you goin' to do wid 'em, Porgy, hey?

POR.—What *should* Joe do but send 'em to Pauline, the gal whom's picture I draw on de wall over dere? If flowers won't bring her, maybe dese tributes of affection will.

WID.—She has answered your letter, then?

POR.—Yes; I gave her these beautiful flowers, and she sent me de flower-pot. Look here. *[Shows wound on scalp.]* Think of it, old woman—blows to an independent citizen—be-lows! *[Punches breast vigorously.]*

WID.—Never mind, boy; remember what de poet MOORE says:

"You may break all to flinders the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

[Exit.]

POR. *[looking at flat]*—Here's comes dem two tight-laced swells agen. Wonder what dey wants of me?

Enter GIBLETS *and* BOGUS-CENT.

GIB.—You are Porgy Joe, son of the old washerwoman, Widow Meddlenoz?

POR.—That's me, boss. What ken I do for you? Want any fish to-day?

GIB.—Yes, gudgeons is our game. See here—you're dead in love with Pauline De Spratt. What would you give to catch her?

POR.—Give? Why, I'd serve you wid fish all de rest of your life, and stand treat ev'ry time I meet you, inter de bargin.

BOGUS.—'Tis easy done. Here is a roll of bogus flimsies. With that and this ring my grandmother pawned in Chatham street, you may easily pass yourself off for a prince in disguise, and so make the hairess your own.

PORGY.—It's a go. Shell out.

GIB.—Proud beauty! Thus at one blow we revenge ourselves for your slights! *[Exeunt omnes.]*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter WIDOW M., *preceding* PORGY JOE *and* PAULINE.

PAU.—How the place smells of fish! and what a queer old woman that is! I hope we aint goin' to stay long here.

WID.—Oh, make yourself at home, my beautiful lady; my boy and I will do all we can to make you comfortable. I must go now and look out for the Treshmeuts. *[Exit.]*

PAU. *[sinking into a chair—it breaks under her—*JOE *helps her up]*—Oh, dear—I feel very strange. Her boy? What mystery is this?

POR.—Yes, Pauline; the old gal is my mother, and I aint no prince, but Porgy Joe, and, gal, you is at home—no cards!

PAU.—Lemme git out of this. I want to go home. Is this your pallis by the lake of Come—oh? Oh, nicely you have come it over me.

POR.—I'm a reg'lar built fraud, dat's a fact; but it aint at all too late to make reparation. Say de word, and I'll take you back.

PAU. *[wringing her hands]*—Oh, if he was only an oysterman, or a drygoods clerk, or a Broadway statty—anything but a fishmonger!

POR.—Den I can surmount all other objections. Know dis, I belong to de Mackereville Fire Brigade. *[Throws open his coat and shows his badge.]*

PAU.—Then take me, Porgy!

[Throws herself into his arms—all the characters come on—dance and tableau.]

DROOP NOT, DARLING.
Ballad and Chorus.

Droop not, darling! though above us
Clouds have veiled heaven's tranquil blue,
Still beyond the sun is shining,
Still kind fate may bear us through.
Hope on ever through care and sorrow,
Pause not trouble still to borrow;
Joy may greet us with the morrow,
If we're to our purpose true.

Chorus—Droop not, etc.

Droop not, darling! dry those tear-drops
That would dim those lustrous eyes;
See above our star is gleaming
Through the clouds that round us rise.
With life's future all before us,
Hope's bright angel, hovering o'er us,
May to happiness restore us,
And surrender all we prize.

Chorus—Droop not, etc.

A REMINISCENCE OF PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE.

Of those in the cast of the appended bill, Mr. J. H. Allen is now in England, having arrived some few months ago from Australia, where he passed several years. Harry Chapman died in New York May 23, 1865. He was the father of the Chapman Sisters, now traveling in the South. Samuel Bradshaw died in New York, Sept. 2, 1866. Miss Hathaway is, we believe, residing in St. Louis. Miss Annie Wilks died at Toronto, Ont., Sept. 10, 1863. G. L. Fox is now performing at the Grand Opera-house, New York. C. W. Taylor is, we believe, still living at a very advanced age. He took his first appearance on the stage, after an experience of more than thirty years as an actor in this city, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, Sept. 3, 1860, acting Max Harkaway in "London Assurance." The late W. M. Fleming acted Sir Harcourt; J. H. Allen, above mentioned, Dazzle; Miss Caroline Chapman, Lady Gay; and Miss Henrietta Irving, who then made her first appearance in New York, Grace Harkaway. The late George Holland acted Thomas in "The Secret." Charles Salisbury died at New Orleans, La., Nov. 19, 1864. F. E. Aiken is now residing in Chicago, Ill., where he managed the Museum for some years, and for a brief period of time a theatre bearing his name. C. McMillan is now engaged at Billy Pastor's Theatre Comique, Jersey City, N. J. G. A. Beane is in Philadelphia. L. H. Everitt is stage-manager at the Tremont Opera-house, Galveston, Texas. W. Mitchell is dead, but we have no record of the date. J. F. Hagan is still pursuing his profession. Mrs. H. F. Nichols is, we believe, living in retirement. Julia Daly is living in England. Mrs. Bradshaw is residing in Canada. For the following bill we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Ilion Deveau of the Fifth Avenue Theatre:

PURDY'S NATIONAL THEATRE,
Chatham street, near Roosevelt.
Sole Lessee, Proprietor and Manager.....A. H. Purdy
Stage-manager.....H. W. Ellis
Treasurer.....T. C. Steers

Dress-circle, 25 cents; Pit, 12 cents; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 exclusive, or $1 for each person. Doors open at half-past 6, curtain will rise at 7 precicely.

Immense success of the great Indian drama of
WETAMO.

Wonderful hit of the AMERICAN ACROBATS, the most astonishing performers, and acknowledged to be the greatest gymnasts in the world.

Mr. J. M. Allen as Wetamo, Mr. G. L. Fox as Hardy Hickory, Mrs. H. F. Nichols as Lucy Merritt, Miss Hathaway as Nawadah, Miss Julia Daly as Dolly Hickory.

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 5, 1857,
the entertainment will commence with the new and powerful Indian drama, written expressly for this theatre by Mr. J. F. Poole, entitled
WETAMO, OR THE WAMPANOAGS AND NARRAGANSETTS.

In 3 acts, 17 tableaux and 25 scenes.

Wetamo, chief of the Wampanoags.....		J. H. Allen
Okoolah.....		H. Chapman
Pametta.....	Wampanoags.....	H. W. Ellis
Miatima.....		S. Bradshaw
Nahmeta, wife of Wetamo.....		Miss Hathaway
Nawadah, the song bird.....		Miss Annie Wilks
Wawa, the wild goose.....		G. A. Beane
Tamattah.....	Narragansetts.....	L. H. Everitt
Octa h.....		W. Robertson
Arcas.....		W. Mitchell

Papoooses..... By the Gallott Troupe

Indians, Male and Female Settlers, etc.

WIVES.

Hardy Hickory, a settler..... G. L. Fox
Col. Merritt, an aged settler..... C. W. Taylor
Capt. Stirling..... C. P. Salisbury
Stephen Arnold..... Adventurers..... F. E. Aiken
Scip, a negro servant..... C. McMillan
1st Settler..... J. F. Hagan
Lucy Merritt, the settler's daughter..... Mrs. H. F. Nichols
Mrs. Merritt..... Miss M. Ferguson
Dolly Hickory, Hardy's wife..... Miss J. Daly
Farmers, Squatters, Country Girls, etc.
La Gaina..... Miss Adelaide Price

The American acrobats, Mons. Bordeau, J. Foster, J. R. Hankins and Herr Trevilli, will appear in their astonishing performance gymnastique, entitled
THE WONDERFUL LADDERS.

To be followed by the thrilling drama, in 3 acts, entitled
THE WIZARD FRIEST.

Baronza.....	F. E. Aiken
Pasquino.....	Mr. G. L. Fox
Don Manuel Diego De Vermenano D'Cepeda.....	C. W. Taylor
Don Dorando Soberano Heminio Del Mawaranza Escobido.....	G. A. Beane
Il Conte De Brano.....	L. H. Everitt
Joromo.....	H. W. Ellis
Atholas.....	W. Robertson
Colopar.....	S. Bradshaw
Karabag.....	W. Mitchell
Beme.....	C. McMillen
Attendant Spirits.....	By the Auxiliaries
Donna Rosaria D'Cepeda.....	Miss Hathaway
Donna Estifania Elenora De Florinda Emilia D'Cepeda.....	Mrs. J. J. Bradshaw
Manilla.....	Miss Julia Daly
Rivuleita.....	Miss M. Ferguson
Fairies.....	By ladies of the ballet
Highland Fling.....	Miss Adelaide Price

The whole to conclude with the comedy of
IN AND OUT OF PLACE.

Letty Duster, a stagestruck chambermaid, out of place.....	Miss Julia Daly
Paddy O'Sputtera, all the way from Ould Ireland after a place, with the song of "Trust to Luck.".....	Miss Julia Daly
Mlle. Adelaide, a French danseuse after a place, with the song of "On the Mountain High".....	
guitar accompaniment.....	Miss Julia Daly
Mynheer Hannibal Von Pickin Snuffen Sheiler-maus, a German soldier not in want of a place.....	Miss Julia Daly
Sally Sacsarappee, a Yankee girl ready for any place, with the song-and-dance of "Independence Day".....	Miss Julia Daly
Clod, a country servant in place.....	G. A. Beane
Mr. Punctillious Etiquetie, a wealthy bachelor, proprietor of Ettl Place.....	C. W. Taylor

In preparation, a new Irish drama by Mr. J. F. Poole, entitled "The Siege of Wexford." Also a new and novel drama, by Wm. B. English, entitled "New York Girls and Brooklyn Boys." Also in preparation, a new and extensive pantomime, arranged expressly for this theatre by Mr. G. L. Fox, and entitled "Borees, or the Spirit of Air," which will be gotten up regardless of expense, and in the most effective and gorgeous manner.

Notice.—Refreshments of all kinds can be obtained at the first, second and third circle saloons.

POPULAR SONGS, WITH CHIN MUSIC.
BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

"Would I were with thee!" says Ingersoll to Harry Genet.

"Tis but a little faded flower," and ten dollars a barrel at that.

"Little sweetheart, *don't* come and kiss me," if you have been masticating onions.

"The *star* that guides my lover home" is six foot three, and is a terrible bad man with a club.

"Take this letter to my mother," and tell her that we are in Kalamazoo, and the treasurer has slid.

"Love, beautiful love," aint got any license to hang around a salary of six dollars a week.

"Why have my loved ones gone?" and left a two months' unpaid board-bill?

"Can you wonder at the increase of crime" when a paper of tobacco contains only two first-class chews?

"Meet me, Addie, by the oak-tree," and we will put up a job to euchre the old man.

"What is home without a mother?" Well, it's a good deal if she aint much on the bake.

"Only a lock of golden hair." But the maker's name still clings to it.

"Spring, gentle Spring," has many joys for a "crimp fakir" or a busted "spot blower."

"When shall we meet?" When you have shot the hat, stabbed the vest, launched the coat, and called up the pants for witnesses.

"Little Daisy died this morning" from the effects of injudiciously tackling a gun.

"Far from home" and the big club that the old man used to dust off my pants with every night.

"When you and I were young, Maggie," *sniel* song-and-dance men did'nt get *two hundred dollars* a week in gold.

"I'd like to be an alligator" is the *enterprising* song which Frank Kerns is at present learning.

"Softly o'er the rippling waters" to the shores of Blackwell's isle.

"Will he ever drop?" Yes, I guess he will, just at present, right here.

THEATRE STORY.

Some years ago, when the famous Sol Smith was the star and most popular theatrical caterer for the Southwestern circuit, a melodramatic actor who was "great" in more ways than one, for he weighed some three hundred, made his advent in St. Louis. He was preceded by eulogistic notices of the most extraordinary kind, and was already on the high road to success, if *they* might be believed, before the public had obtained a glimpse of his intellectual frontispiece. A good house had assembled to witness the production of a novel speciality, "written expressly for that occasion." It was a play of the "Dog of Montargis" order—the hero by the hero of this anecdote, announced on the bills of the day as Mr. Tydpolemus Street; the "dorg" by the celebrated dog Bruno of Coney and Blanchard notoriety. Everything was lovely until the centering point of interest began to unravel itself. The scene is a wood; the time, midnight. It is storming. There is a great amount of thunder, lightning and rain, represented respectively by a piece of sheet iron, a tin full of rosin, and a chest-box filled with peas; when to wierd music—an orchestra of which is always supposed to be on hand in that particular forest, for belated wayfarers to keep time to—enter the Count Moribundo, the virtuous hero of the drama. He speaks—hear him:

[Exit.]

"It is a dark and stormy night. If my judgment errs not, I have lost my way; and it is a good seven leagues and a half to the castle. I will e'en hang meself up among the boughs of yonder tree, and there snatch a few moments' repose until the dawn appears. Then on bettinge." He does so as aforesaid, leaving his trusty dog at the foot of the tree to keep watch. Now for Horrorio Huggins, the melodramatic hero, who enters to the snapping of violin strings, as if he were treading on eggs.

"This way he came. Should he escape me! Aha-r-r-r!"

He sees a pair of boots dangling from the tree and discovers his intended prey. There is a "chord" of music, and several "cords" of wood come rattling down. This is the cue for the dog to put in, which that sagacious animal does by making a dive for Horrorio's calves. At this instant a new aspirant for honors histrionic appeared in the shape of a gigantic goat, with a beard of patriarchal dimensions. He paused a second to take in the situation, and then, with a bisat of defiance, pitched into Mister Dog, who, not expecting that sort of thing, tucked his tail between his legs and rushed off with a yell of affright. Mr. Goat's dander being up, he next went for Horrorio, and laid him out at the first round. Round of applause from audience, when virtuous hero, coming to his chum's assistance, is similarly handled. Enter manager, who receives a shock in the rear and scrambles unceremoniously amid the shouts of the audience, who thought it was in the play. When last heard from, the goat had cleaned out the orchestra, and was pelting it into the foremost row in the pit. The new performer had straggled in by the stage entrance "unbeknowns" to the doorkeeper.

LOST LILLIE'S GRAVE.
DEDICATED TO MISS MAY FLORENCE.
BY THOMAS HARPER.

Oh, to night I'm sad and lonely,
Waiting by the willow tree—
'Twas there we met, 'twas there we parted,
'Twas there you gave your heart to me.
How I'm longing for your presence,
Weeping where the willows wave,
Where the wild flowers o'er are blooming
Over poor lost Lillie's grave.

Chorus.—Weeping to-night, love, weeping to-night,
Weeping where the willows wave,
Weeping to-night in the old churchyard
Beside my poor lost Lillie's grave.

Oh, come to me when, in the Summer,
Roses sweet are all in bloom—
My heart is desolate with grief
And all the earth is robed in gloom;
Come to me, in the moon's pale light,
Where the lonely willows wave—
There I'll be found bowed low in prayer,
Beside my poor lost Lillie's grave.

Chorus.—Weeping to-night, love, etc.

THE FIRST STATIONARY MINSTREL TROUPE IN CHICAGO, ILL.

Some nineteen years ago a minstrel troupe, under the management of W. H. Lawrence (to whom we are indebted for the bill, a copy of which is appended), commenced a regular season in Chicago, Ill. Although traveling companies had often performed there, this, we are assured, was the first attempt ever made to run a regular season:

FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.
WARNER'S HALL,
Three doors from Clark street, on Randolph, sign of the Transparency.

Manager.....	W. H. Lawrence.
C. B. Brown.....	Stage-manager.
Fred. Younkers.....	Musical Director.

METROPOLITAN OPERA TROUPE.
Second night of that capital Burlesque on
FRANK CONEYS HIPPODROME,
With new features taken from Spalding & Rogers' Circus.
Fourth night of
JACK SARGENT,
Late of the Harmonions, on which occasion he will appear and sing his ever-humorous ditty of Going Round the Horn.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 20, 1855,
And continue every evening for the season.
A CHANGE OF PROGRAMME NIGHTLY.
PROGRAMME.

Overture—Operatic.....	Younkers and Company
Opening Chorus—Operatic.....	Company
Fanny Dane—Pathetic.....	J. Penley
Way Down in Cairo.....	C. B. Brown
They Sold Me Down the River.....	J. M. Bullard
Katy Darling.....	J. Penley
Quickstep.....	F. Younkers and Company
Quartet.....	Brown, Vandager, Pentey and Bullard
Violin Solo—Carnival of Venice.....	F. Younkers
Double Polka, in costume.....	Pierpoint and Brown
Duet.....	J. M. Bullard and T. J. Pentey
Bone Solo.....	Jack Sargent
Pas d'Atricine.....	The admirable Pierpoint
Burlesque Mesmerism.....	Jack Sargent and Brown
Solo, Cornet a Piston, "Blue Bells of Scotland."	T. J. Pentey
Terpsichorean display.....	Jack Sargent, Brown & Pierpoint
Instrumental.....	Company
Few Days.....	Jack Sargent
Campdown Races, with imitations.....	C. E. Jones & Co.

The whole to conclude with
THE RETURNED VOLUNTEER.

Corporal Sylvanus Hammockcockanderagallandunder-kisthcomeslunk.....	C. B. Brown
William Henry.....	Jones | Augustus Stillwater.. Sargent

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at ½ to 8 precisely.
An efficient police force in attendance to preserve order. Front seats reserved for ladies.

"I'VE WAITED, DEAR LARRY, FOR YOU."

DEDICATED TO GEO. PENNOCK.

Sweet Larry, agrah, can you ever forget,
When you parted from me long ago,
How the tears, like large dew-drops, stood in your brown eyes,
And in streams down your red cheeks did flow?
How you promised you'd not stay away from me long,
As I bade you a last fond adieu;
And though I grieved much, yet I trusted your heart,
For I've waited, dear Larry, for you.

Chorus.—Then Larry, agrah, come and kiss me again,
Fold me close to your heart that's so true;
And prove to me, Larry, 'tis not all in vain
That I've waited, dear Larry, for you.

I knew you'd come back to me, Larry, agrah,
To fulfill the sweet promise you made—
For though you have roamed the wide world o'er and o'er,
You could not forget what you said
When you parted from me, for you then had my heart;
And to show that I'm ever as true,
I'll never be happy till you take my hand,
For I've waited, dear Larry, for you.

Chorus.—Then Larry, agrah, come and kiss me, etc.

J. J. MCDERMOTT.

A LITTLE MIXED.

Several years ago, Long's Varieties, South Third street, Philadelphia, was one of the livest places of amusement in that city, and Mr. Wm. W. Long was one of the most liberal and energetic men in the business. Some of the old stand-bys of Southwark nightly assembled there to enjoy themselves in the many games and entertainments always in operation. One of these jovial spirits, being requested to write out a small list of the company engaged in the variety theatre, dished up the following bewildering "synopsis":

MONG'S LARIETIES AND VUSEUM.

Lillian E. Weaber.....	Musiness Manager
John Jorbes.....	Mage-me Sanager
Rannie Aush.....	Somic and Ventimental Coacliat
Wizzie Lilson.....	Fanseuse Daney
Fary Mraser.....	Fanseuse Daney
Wom Tilson.....	Sanjo Boloist
Fohn Jorbes.....	Cersatile Vomedian
Wos. Jarner.....	Somic Cinger and Cow Lomedian
Meorge Gurray.....	Dong-and-Sance
Billiam Watchelor.....	Cenor and Tomedian
Mer. Huckle.....	Dee Sou Famd Tirst and Ipano
Rilliam Weath.....	Pornet a Claion
Fames Jamilton.....	Leneral Gaffer
Heter Portz.....	Peneral Gunster
Lill Bong.....	Jhe Toker
Brank Foon.....	Tangaroo Kamer
Seorge Gnyder.....	Sose of the Bhanjy

LITTLE BROWNEYED DAISY.

DEDICATED TO FRANK DUMONT,
BY GEO. B. PENNOCK.

Little browneyed Daisy,
Darling of my heart,
I'm happy when I'm with you—
Sad when we're apart.
When the sun goes down, my darling,
I'll hasten to your side
To meet you, little darling;
Browneyed Daisy, you're my pride.
Chorus.—Little darling, little sweetheart,
Meet me in the wildwood green;
Angels guard you, little darling,
Sweeter eyes oh! ne'er were seen.

Little sweetheart Daisy,
You're all the world to me—
I can never tell you
How dearly I love thee.
Seas of melted velvet,
Lit up by sunset,
Are the eyes of little Daisy—
Those eyes I'll ne'er forget.
Chorus.—Little Daisy, little sweetheart, etc.

Bordentown, N. J.

BOSTON PLAYS IN 1806.

Mr. John T. Downey of Taunton, Mass., kindly sends us the following advertisement, which he cut from *The Boston Gazette* of Monday, Oct. 6, 1806:

BOSTON THEATRE.

The public are respectfully informed that the theatre will be opened for the season on

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, OCT. 13,
when will be presented the much-admired comedy, in 5 acts, called
SPEED THE PLOUGH,
written by Thomas Morston, Esq., author of "Columbus," "Way to Get Married," "Children in the Wood," etc.

Henry, his first appearance in Boston.....	Mr. Poe
Miss Blandford, her first appearance in Boston..	Mrs. Poe

From the theatres, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc.
To which will be added the musical interpliece of
ROSINA, OR THE REAPERS.

Rosina.....	Mrs. Poe

Boxes, $1; green boxes, 75 cents; pit, 50 cents; and gallery, 37½ cents. Tickets and places for the boxes may be taken of Mr. Campbell, at the box-office of the theatre, on Saturday and Monday, from 10 till 1, and from 2 o'clock until the evening.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES

A SIMILE.

What were a woman if she rent asunder
The ties with which the Almighty hath attached
Her tender form to the stern breast of man?
Is she not like the pallid water-lily,
Which rises with the wave and falls again?
The sharp keel passes o'er her prostrate form,
Careless, may be, how sore her breast is wounded.
Such, then, is woman's fate; but whilst the plant
Holds firm its root within the shifting sand,
It has its beauties, and reflects the light
Sent down from Heaven by the pale bright stars,
On the blue deep itself a beauteous star;
But, breaking from its root, it drifts away,
A withered leaf upon the watery waste.

A BRUTAL ACT.—John E. Sargent is a man who is about fifty years old. He is some sort of a religionist. He may or may not believe in a hell, a place of torment, where the wicked wail and gnash their teeth. But the quicker he does begin to believe something of that kind, the better for him. He boards at No. 59 Bedford street, with Mrs. Vaughn. Last Sunday afternoon, Minnie Vaughn, a child of four years, was absent from her mother's room for some hours, the mother thinking that Minnie was with some of the ladies in the house. Directly the child returned, walking as if she was in great pain. On being questioned by the mother, the child said that "Sargent had had her." An examination resulted in the discovery that an attempt had been made to outrage the little one. A medical examination was then had, corroborating the statement of the child. Sergt. Gould of Station 4 then took the case in hand, and swearing out a complaint against Sargent for an attempt to ravish this little child, a warrant was issued for his arrest, and this morning he appeared in the dock. Directly as the dock was cleared of other sinners, Sargent pulled off his overcoat and cravat, flopped down on his knees, and for some ten minutes engaged in silent prayer. This done, he said to the writer that "he had a rescript from heaven to the effect that his case would be taken care of by heavenly agencies, and that he need do nothing about it." Shortly after this his case was called, when the mother made a statement as recited above. No other evidence was introduced, when the case was dismissed for want of prosecutories, in the sum of $3,000, to await the action of the grand jury. Failing to do this, he went to jail.—*Boston (Mass.) Herald*, Feb. 14.

AN INCESTUOUS NEGRO.—Leonard Johnson is a colored man between sixty and seventy years of age. He has been the father of four daughters and five sons, some of whom sleep down in the valley and are saved the knowledge of the disgrace that their old father now brings upon them. The complaint in this case is made by a young man named Silas Hardman, who is engaged to marry the next to youngest daughter. He has worked for some time on the old man's farm, and had heard the rumor long before, but could not be induced to believe them until he saw acts on the part of the old man that rendered it morally certain that he was enticing to ruin his youngest daughter, Sarah, whose age is but fourteen years. He spoke to her about the matter, and she acknowledged it, but said her father would whip her if she did not consent. She lived in fear, and did not dare tell her mother about it. The next sister, to whom Hardman is engaged, says that all the girls, except one that is dead, have been treated the same way by her father. On Tuesday Johnson was arrested at his home in Masseville, O., and brought before Mayor Mick. Johnson is a well-preserved, gray-headed old scoundrel, and as he pleaded not guilty a tear trickled down his old nose and dropped to the floor as though it was ashamed to be seen in such company. Two of his daughters were present as witnesses, but the old man asked further time and the trial was postponed. The bail was fixed at $1,000. —*Chillicothe (O.) Advertiser.*

THE TROUBLES OF AN AGED SPINSTER.—Barr street revels in a sensation. Several weeks ago an elderly spinster came into the city from the country, where she has been employed in a large manufacturing establishment, and engaged apartments in the upper story of a brick building, where she has resided since that time. A number of the neighbors called upon her, finding her to be very agreeable and pleasant for an old maid. A few days ago, however, she complained of being ill, whereupon the kindly attentions of her new-found friends were redoubled. A quack doctor (whose adventures with a grass widow of Warsaw have been referred to) was called in, and he pronounced the case to be one of dropsy, etc. The elderly maiden did not get better under his treatment, and finally another one of our leading practitioners was called in. Upon his arrival, he found matters in a decidedly confused state, and shortly afterwards the lady was delivered of a bouncing male child. There was a sudden exit of the quack doctor, and the tongues of the female gossips in the vicinity have been busily wagging ever since. As soon as the infant is properly disposed of, the old maid will return to her friends in the rural districts, and tell what a splendid time she had during her visit to Fort Wayne.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette.*

A CINCINNATI SCANDAL.—The sensation excited by the Heyl House abortion scandal has scarcely abated, when news of another revolting case of malpractice comes to us from the neighborhood of Price's Hill, west of Mill Creek. It is said that a young gentleman named Moore, the son of Colonel Robert M. Moore, had long been visiting Miss Mary Ann Tappan, daughter of Thomas Tappan of Price's Hill Road, and at the latter part of January he finally led to seduction of Miss Tappan. The seducer then, as the story goes, in order to conceal the consequences of this illicit intercourse, employed a Cincinnati physician on Saturday to procure an abortion on the girl, who unexpectedly became dangerously ill from the effects of the operation. Finding that her inevitable, young Moore immediately fled the city; while his victim was placed as soon as possible under proper medical care. The father of the unfortunate young lady has offered one hundred dollars reward for Moore's apprehension, and his photograph has been placed in the hands of the police, together with a written description of his appearance and manner. Miss Tappan is but seventeen years of age, we believe, and is said to be an unusually handsome young lady.—*Cincinnati (O.) Enquirer*, Feb. 18.

DIVORCE CASE IN HIGH LIFE.—At the Divorce Court, London, Eng., Jan. 23, the case of Palmer *vs.* Palmer and Carew was heard. It was the wife's suit for a judicial separation on the ground of the husband's adultery. The husband answered, traversing the charge. The petitioner, Lady Palmer, was married to the respondent, Sir Charles Palmer, at St. Thomas' Church, Portland street, Portland square, in 1863. After the marriage they resided at Bransby Court, in Yorkshire, and other places, and there are three children, the issue of the marriage. In 1870 they were at Brighton, and while there the respondent left his wife and family, and never visited them from January, 1870, until June, 1871. He would give no explanation for his conduct as to where he had been during that period, save that, having a connection with a brewery at Wilmington, he had been attending to the business of it. It was afterwards ascertained that during the respondent's absence he had been living with a lady at Wilmington under the name of Viscount Carew, who passed as his wife. The adultery of the respondent was clearly proved, and the Court pronounced a decree of judicial separation. Lady Palmer to have the custody of the children.

THE HAMMOND-DEAN CASE.—Jeannette Hammond recently got a verdict of $4,500 against William M. Dean of New York, for breach of promise of marriage. Defendant's counsel moved for a new trial, alleging that he had new evidence to prove that plaintiff was not a virtuous woman. These allegations were met by strong counteraffidavits, including one from a physician. Judge Pratt rendered the following decision in the case: "This application may be referred to a referee to examine Smith and the plaintiff under oath, and to take such further evidence as the parties may offer, and report the same with his opinion thereon, and more especially to take evidence as to whether any of said alleged letters were written by the plaintiff and sent to said Smith, and if so what letters or parts of letters were so written, and also of the facts and circumstances concerning the relation between said Smith and the plaintiff. This reference to be at the expense of the defendant and upon his stipulation to proceed before said referee on two days' notice." The case has since been compromised.

THE TRAGEDY AT HARRISON.—This morning, says *The Boston* (Mass.) *Herald* of Feb. 13, Judge Morton heard the appeal of Mrs. Ann Sophia Shute and Miss Elizabeth Pitt, both of Bristol, England, from the decree of the Probate Court of Middlesex County, granting to Mary Pitt of Lowell administration of the estate of John Pitt, who was widow Mrs. Pitt claims to be. It seems that in 1833 Pitt came from Gloucestershire, England, to Lowell, and lived there till his death in 1871. The claim of Mrs. Pitt is, that she was married to him in 1844; but this is denied on the grounds that in 1820 Mr. Pitt married the mother of the appellants in England, and was her husband when the pretended marriage took place between him and Mrs. Pitt (his wife not dying till 1869), and also on the ground that Mrs. Pitt herself was the wife of another man when she took Mr. Pitt's name. The points involved were, whether Mrs. Pitt is entitled to the rights of a widow, and whether Mrs. Shute and Miss Pitt are entitled to inherit Mr. Pitt's property as his heirs-at-law. The Court set aside the decree of the Judge of Probate appointing Mrs. Pitt administratrix.

A VILLAIN FRUSTRATED.—On Saturday, Feb. 14, George Griz, aged twenty-two, a section hand on the Dayton and Western Railroad, near Dayton, O., saw a little twelve-year-old girl approaching him, at work on the railroad near Trotwood, and concealed himself in a fence-corner and waited until the girl approached, when he sprang out and dragged her into the fence-corner. He flourished a monkey wrench over her head and threatened to kill her if she cried for help; but she did scream, and attracted the attention of passers-by, who scared the lustful brute away before his vile purpose was accomplished. The girl's father with several others started in pursuit of Griz, who was captured late in the afternoon. He had an examination at Trotwood and was bound over to the Court of Common Pleas in the sum of $500, which he cannot give.

ROMANTIC AND DESPERATE.—A respectable young girl, living on Sixth street, near Central avenue, Cincinnati, O., attempted suicide the other morning by drinking two ounces of laudanum. Physicians were immediately summoned, and succeeded, by the aid of emetics and the stomach-pump, to dislodge the drug, and by other means to neutralize its effects and keep up wakefulness, in saving her life. The girl had accompanied a young man to a ball the previous evening, became aggrieved at his attentions or want of attentions to her, pondered over the subject after her return home, and concluded in her paroxysm of anger to summarily end the matter. She failed, however, and is now heartily glad of it.

FAST RAILROAD TIME.—It is stated that on Tuesday, Feb. 17, the distance from Peekskill, N. Y., to Sing Sing, twelve miles, was run over the N. Y. Central Railroad, by a locomotive and platform car, upon which a steam fire-engine was loaded, in exactly nine minutes. The trip was made in response to a telegram from Sing Sing asking for assistance from the fire department. If true, this is the fastest actual running time of which we have any record, although not so good a performance as that of the locomotive Hamilton Davis, which, with six cars attached, ran 14 miles over the same road in 11 minutes.

BASEBALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1873.

THE PITCHERS.

Never before was such fine play shown in the pitching department of the game of baseball as during the season of 1873. It was exceptionally a season of strategic play in pitching; and had the support in the field been at all equal to the skill shown by the leading pitchers, the scores of the championship contests during 1873 would have averaged one half less than they did. Experience has proved conclusively that, in order that the player who delivers the ball to the bat may have full scope for strategic play, he must be allowed a style of delivery admitting of a combination of speed with accuracy of aim. To "pitch" a ball to the bat is simply to *toss* it, either slowly or with speed. If it be tossed slowly —as Martin tosses it—the ball can very readily be sent in to any particular point aimed at; but if it be attempted to pitch it swiftly, command of the ball is lost, and the result is a wild delivery, such as used to characterize the pitching of Hannegan of the old Union nine of Morrisania, or Ward of the old Empire nine of this city. The delivery that admits at once of great speed and complete command of the ball is the low underhand throw, made with the arm swinging nearly perpendicularly to the side of the body. This style of "pitching"—if we may call it so—was first introduced by Creighton, who united a rapid pace with the most thorough command of the ball. Prior to Creighton's day, slow, strategic pitching was the order, and the sharp "points" and the beautiful fielding displays now characteristic of the game were unknown. "Sloggy" batting was then the rule against the pitching of Tom Van Cott of the Gothams, and Frank Pigeon of the Eckfords, the model pitchers before Creighton introduced the disguised underhand throw.

Such is the skill attained by batsmen of the present day, that if the pitcher were to be confined to a legitimate pitch, the result would be either large scores and long and tedious games, or the rule of calling balls on a wild delivery would have to be abandoned. The option of a swift delivery has been shown to be a necessity of the game, and to make this speed effective, the style of delivery must be such as to admit of a thorough command of the ball. These essentials are combined in the low underhand throw alone. This style marks the delivery of all the swift pitchers of the professional championship arena, and last season, as the saying is, they "had it down to a spot."

To Dick McBride of the Athletic Club, take him all in all, we do not hesitate to award the palm of supremacy in pitching for the season of 1873. The averages of earned runs show him to have been the most difficult of all to "punish," or to earn base-hits from. But what we have specially to praise Dick for, aside from his well-known integrity, is his fidelity to his club; for the latter alone he deserves a handsome gold medal as a just tribute to faithful service. From the day he first occupied the position of pitcher in the Athletic Club up to the present moment, Dick has stood his ground, as an Athletic player, honorably and faithfully, and he is the only pitcher who has never forsaken his club. We do not say that players in professional clubs have not a legitimate right to better their condition by joining other clubs; but when we see a man serving one club year after year, the natural supposition is that he has worked honorably for its best interests, and that of itself is noteworthy. Dick is quick-tempered, and he has some other faults; but what are they when weighed in the balance of his honest record? When he retires from the field it will be with a reputation that thousands of dollars of even fairly earned money could not outweigh.

Next to McBride comes the intelligent and gentlemanly Al. Spaulding of the Boston Club, who lacks only McBride's experience to equal him in every pitching requisite, while in respect to control of temper he rather excels Dick. The Boston Club has not been as fortunate as their representative of the American baseball player than Mr. Spaulding, and it is not a matter of surprise that he has been so

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business allowed for the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Avery, Carrie
Arnold, Mrs. J. A.
Arnold, Ella
Ackers, Minnie C.
Burke, Nellie M. (2)
Baker, Minnie
Burke, Ione
Burton, Clara
Bidwell, Dolly
Blande, Edith (3)
Bowditch, Mrs. Harry
Bateman, Alice
Cushman, Charlotte
Char.
"C. R."
Coventry, Julia S. (2)
Coleman Sisters, Manager
Coleman Sisters (2)
Clarion, Mrs. Ida
Carleton, Elina
Clinetop, Sallie
Dunbar, Little Etta
Dark, Lizzie
Dickson, Georgie
De Witt, Lotta M.
Deimay, Lulu
Dresser, Mrs. Laura B.
Davies, Mya 10c.
"Frankie," Little (lady)
Anderson, Prof. (magician)
Allen, Johnny (clown)
Adams, Geo. H. 10c.
Ainsley, Ned
Anderson, Prof. J. "A. S. M."
Arnold, Amos
Atwood, Capt. J. B. (2)
Brennan, R. A.
Brown, W. C.
Brown, F. B.
Bliss, Francois R. (2)
Brown, Edwin (manager)
Breen, Wm. (candy "biz")
Blind Tom, Manager
Barnum, P. T. (2)
Bickle, David
Brayton, Frank G.
Boyer, Charles J. (minstrel)
Beckwith, H. H. 6c.
Booker, Harry
Barnum, Henry (manager)
Breyer, W. V.
Bryant, Sam
Bailey's Circus, Geo. F. (2)
Boner, Louis
Bloodgood, Harry (2)
Burke, Will E.
Budd, Jacob
Barclay, Fred
Byron, Fred
Bassett, Chas. M.
Bryan, Prof. A. J.
Bosworth, Frank
Bristow, H. F. (leader)
Burton, Thos.
Broc, Charlie
Blossom, Nat
Brion, Jack
Barry, Jr., Frank
Ballenl, Henri
Bush, Irving T.
Bray & Mack
Brown, Ed. G.
Brew, Gilbert
Clark, Harry (manager) 3c.
Cox, Abe (vocalist)
Cody, W. F. (Buffalo Bill") (2)
Carr, Louis B. (3)
Crow, W. E.
Chaffe, G. W.
Coleman, J. A. (of Coleman Sisters)
Cooper, Jas. (circus manag.)
Cole, Sam 15c.
Cummings & Turner
Cohan, Tim
Chilrous, Frank M. (minstrel "biz")
Chase, Billy
Chassidy, Gus. (2)
Cavanagh, Billy
Corbyn, Harry H.
Carter, Alex.
Cook, Alonzo 6c.
Clayton, Asher
Cooper, Jas. E.
Collins, Frank (of Collins Bros.)
Canfield & Booker
Cross, "Country"
Davis, Alex.
Dixon, Bella (minstrel "biz")
Donnelle, L. J.
Davis, Chas.
Dunn, Jr., Hiram (agent)
Dyring, H.
Dwyer, Billie
Davenport, E. L.
Deanin, McLane & Scott
Davis, Lew H.
Denham, Geo. W.
Durand, W. F. (2)
Dunham, Frank (2)
Dutton, William (equestrian)
Delehanty & Hengler "Drummer"
De Mott, Jas.
Duprez & Benedict, Messrs.
Dobson, Chas.
Dobson, Frank B.
Ellis, W. H. (of "Sappho" Co.)
Edgin, Ei Nino
Emerson, Jno. H.
Everton, Harry (2)
Elliott, Wm. O.
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Ellis, Chas. H. (circus "biz")
Emmet, J. K.
Fox, A. D. (minstrel "biz")
Feeley, Michael
Fleming, Hy. Rodericks
French, Arthur W.
Farron, T. J.
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Farepaugh, Adam (2)
Florentine, Mons.
Fuller, Chas. W.
Franks, Prof. Tony
Farley, Edward (2)
Gannon, Frank
Gilbert, Jas. M.
Girard Bros.
Germain Panorama" (3)
Goodrich, E. T.
Good, A. D. (musician)
Gorman, Wm.
Gilfoil, Ben
Green, Col. Benj.
Gorman, Eugene
Gilroy, Jas.
Goldie, Gerald
Gale, Walter
Guynette, H. 6c.
Grant, Hy. (minstrel "biz")
Golden, Marten
Gideon, Sol.
Howard, T. Chas.
Huntley, Dr. Geo. (2)
Harrison, Jas. W. (actor)
Howe's Lon. Circus, Manager
Henry, Hi
Hart, Tom (billposter)
Healey, Dr. Jno. E.
Hicks, Chas. B. (2)
Hyatt, Ed. (candy "biz")
Howard, Harry F.
Hurd, S. H. (manager)
Holden, Frank
Howe's London Circus
Hope, Frank
Howard, Jno. B. (bank)
Hennessey, J. R.
Harrison, James W. (leading "biz")
Heywood Bros. Comb.
Howard, H. T. (low comed.)
Harland, Paul
Harrison, W. W. 6c.
Howard, J. B.
Harrison, Charles (humorist)
Haines, Saml. T.
Irving, Wm. S.
"Jeph" and Fan
Jones, Delano
Jones, Prof. (band leader)
Johnson, Jas. T.
Jones, A.
Jack, S. T. (2)
Jones, T. V.
"Jaffo" (humorist & Dutch com.)
Johnson, Powers
Jester, G. W. "Jepp"
Kidder, E. E.
Keating, P. K.
Kidder, E. E. (2)
Kimball, T.
Kingsbury, Alice
Lillian Sisters
Le Brun, Laura
Lee, Mrs. F. K.
Loder, Minnie Corbyn (2)
Lee, Mrs. Rosa
"Lotta"
Libbie, Emma
McKean, Gabriella
Mackra, Mary
Neville, Emma J.
Nercross, Hallie
O'Brien, Norah
Richards, Pauline
Robinson, Mrs. Eva
Rogers, Mrs. Loraine
Rentz, Mad. C. (2)
Richards, Pauline
Reynolds, Little "Vic"
Rentz's Fem. Min., Mad.
Smith, Helene (2)
Smith, Mrs. Julia
Sutherland, Agnes
Seamon, Mrs. Minnie
Sharpe, Kittie
Stanley, Blanche
St. Felix, Henrietta
Sheldon, Ella
Sidell, Clara (2)
Turnour, Jennie
Turnour, Hepsy
Whiffin, Mrs.
Weston, Flora
Weber, Lisa
Worrell, Sophie
Washburn, Mrs. Emma
Wyndham, Alice
Westworth, Mrs. Maude
Zanfretta, Mrs. Dady.
Zoe, Mlle. Marie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gannon, Fete
Girard Bros.
Girard Bros. Panorama" (3)
Goodrich, E. T.
Good, A. D. (musician)
Gaston, Albert
Gorman, Wm.
Gilfoil, Ben
Gorman, Col. Benj.
Gorman, Eugene
Gilroy, Jas.
Goldie, Gerald
Gale, Walter
Guynette, H. 6c.
Grant, Hy. (minstrel "biz")
Golden, Marten
Gideon, Sol.
Howard, T. Chas.
Huntley, Dr. Geo. (2)
Harrison, Jas. W. (actor)
Howe's Lon. Circus, Manager
Henry, Hi
Hart, Tom (billposter)
Healey, Dr. Jno. E.
Hicks, Chas. B. (2)
Hyatt, Ed. (candy "biz")
Howard, Harry F.
Hurd, S. H. (manager)
Holden, Frank
Howe's London Circus
Hope, Frank
Howard, Jno. B. (bank)
Hennessey, J. R.
Harrison, James W. (leading "biz")
Heywood Bros. Comb.
Howard, H. T. (low comed.)
Harland, Paul
Harrison, W. W. 6c.
Howard, J. B.
Harrison, Charles (humorist)
Haines, Saml. T.
Irving, Wm. S.
"Jeph" and Fan
Jones, Delano
Jones, Prof. (band leader)
Johnson, Jas. T.
Jones, A.
Jack, S. T. (2)
Jones, T. V.
"Jaffo" (humorist & Dutch com.)
Johnson, Powers
Jester, G. W. "Jepp"
Kidder, E. E.
Keating, P. K.
Kidder, E. E. (2)
Kimball, T.
Kelly, Jno. T.
Kamerer, Max
Klorud, Oskar
Lyles, Wm. Elmar
Lewis, Fred
La Rue Bros.
Lawlor, W. F.
Lathrop, J. S.
Leslie Bros.
Lee, Chas.
Lowlow, Jno.
Logan, Ship B.
Lawlor, Jno. R. (2)
Latouxt Bros.
Lavarnie, Frank
Leavitt, M. B.
Lorrimer, Jno. H. (circus) (3)
Manning, Jno.
McLear, J. & F.
Magner & Dudley (2)
Magginley, Ben (3)
Mooney, E. A.
"Mordeau" (Calif. Wizard)
Meyers, Oliver P. (2)
Morse, Joel T.
Morrissey, Jno. (of Wm. & Morrissey) (2)
Mason, Henry
McIntyre, Frank H.
Masson, D.
Magner & Co., Prof. D. (2)
Morgan, Geo. W.
Morris, W. H.
Mabb, Geo. (candy "biz")
Moran, Johnny (2)
McKeon, W. F.
Melville, Charlie (2)
Moore, Master Eddie
Miner, Harry
Marisi, Jas. C.
Murrawee, Jno. H (circus) (3)
Manning, Jno.
McLear, J. & F.
Magner & Dudley (2)
Magginley, Ben (3)
Mooney, E. A.
"Mordeau" (Calif. Wizard)
Meyers, Oliver P. (2)
Morse, Joel T.
Morrissey, Jno. (of Wm. & Morrissey) (2)
Mason, Henry
McIntyre, Frank H.
Masson, D.
Magner & Co., Prof. D. (2)
Morgan, Geo. W.
Morris, W. H.
Mabb, Geo. (candy "biz")
Moran, Johnny (2)
McKeon, W. F.
Melville, Charlie (2)
Moore, Master Eddie
Miner, Harry
Marisi, Jas. C.
Murrawee, Jno. H (circus) (3)
Manning, Jno.
Morrissey, Johnny (minstrel)
Mercier, Jno.
Moore, Frank 6c.
Murray, Ed. (vocalist)
Mead, Erastus
Morris, Jno. (mystic changes)
Monzert, Lew
Manchester, H. E.
Montford, Harry L.
"Museum Manager"
Marcross, Hallie
Nichols, C. T.
Niles & Evans
Nelson, Jno.
Neville, Harley
Ody, J.
Owens, Jno. E.
"O. & B.," Leader
Pagetti, S.
Parker, Ned
Peverelle, Chas.
Page, A. D.
Pell, Charlie
Pfaff, Henry
Pagetti, S.
Parker, Ned
Peverelle, Chas.
Page, A. D.
Pell, Charlie
Pfaff, Henry
Polk, D. F.
Post, F. E.
Quinn, Montgomery (2)
Rowe, Jno. (musician)
Rothwell, Tom
Russell, Gus. A.
Reston, E. S.
Robinson, Oliver S.
Robbins & Co.'s Circus (2)
Rymain, Add
Rushby, Horace (2)
Robinson, James (equestrian)
Reynolds, J. J. (of Reynolds & Romer Combin., Blue.
Russell, Sol S.
Robinson, Hy. (Silver Horns) (6)
Roach, Jas. (minstrel "biz")
Reilly, Jno. (drummer of 9th Co.)
Raymond, Jno. T.
Roscoe, Geo.
Robinson, Hy. (manager)
Stone, Den
Sloan, Stephen
Smith, W. H. (with Heywood's)
Sullie, W. M.
Showles, J. J.
Stanley, W. H.
Smith, D. E. (with Burgess' Nov. Co.)
Schultz, H. F.
Slafer, Wm.
Shay, Johnny
Scaddan, Edward
Seymour, Henry
Stimson, A.
Say, Jas.
Selby, E.
Sands, Dick
Seamon, Pete
Scott, Geo., org. W. Whitlock
Sig. Sig. Prof. M. C.
Slade, Harry
Sadler, Thos.
Thornton, Capt. A. G. 21c.
Tinkham, Ed. (2)
Tuttle, Jeromy
Tooley, Jack
Toll, Oscar J.
Tilden, Luke
Thatcher, Geo.
Trigg, Prof. Jos.
Unger, Andrew C.
Unrohr, Frederick
Van Amburgh's Circus
Vernon, Hy. (of Gt. West. Comb.)
Villa, Sam 5c. (2)
Vincent, Chas. A. 6c.
Ward, Wallie
Wiley, Chas. A.
Wildman, F. J.
Woodward, Jr., King
Whitney, Charlie (2)
Weidenbach, Prof. (drummer)
Williams, Gus (3)
Webb, Wm. (shoemaker)
Ware, Geo.
Welling, C. (with Cal Wagner)
Wilson & Clark (2)
Wilson, Jno. (of Scottish Bards)
Wilson, Chas. (fat comed.)
Wagner, Cal. (2)
Watkins, Chas. A.
Washburn, C. G.
Wyse, Wm. H. (with Washburn)
White, Archie
Young, Chas. W.
Zanfretta, A.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Feb. 23, '74.

We are joyfully celebrating the anniversary of Washington's birth day, and we are doing it in style. The banks are closed, the post-office is shut on the half-shell, business places down town look deserted, and everything in that benighted region wears a funereal aspect. Up town, things are different—the streets are thronged with friends of the deceased; the theatres are giving performances as a token of respect for the memory of George; drinking and eating-saloons are doing a thrifty trade; and the general appearance of all outdoors is indicative of a desire to show the esteem of a grateful people for a great, full, man. People imagine that *we*, too, are observing the day in sackcloth and ashes; but we are doing no such thing—on the contrary, we are slinging ink with a prodigality equaled by few and excelled by none. It is our busy day; and much as we revere the memory of the father of his country, the necessities of THE CLIPPER compel us to abandon life and the pursuit of happiness, and dig away to the bitter end. But we are not repining—on the joy be unrestrained—for 'tis the felicity of our readers that impels us to duty.....It is with sincere delight we learn that the medical showmen in Philadelphia have completed the stuffing and preparation of the Siamese Twins for public perusal. Their labors have been fraught with the most important results—as has been demonstrated beyond doubt that while Eng *might* have lived without Chang, the latter died without Eng, and it was only through fraternal love and devotion that the latter at the last hour consigned the stick to his brother in the past, and accompany him through the dark valley far beyond the rolling rivar. The stuffing process has also disclosed the startling fact that, while in life *Chang* was left and Eng was right, just as soon as Chang *died*, then Eng was left. So you see the importance of the autopsy, and the contribution to science which the death of the twins has secured. That the people at large may not be deprived of a share in the general enjoyment as well as of the benefit to science, the distressed widows of the lamented contemplate toting them through the country as dead-heads, and exhibiting them in death as they were exhibited in life. Too much praise and so forth cannot be accorded for this self-sacrificing spirit. Due notice of the opening exhibition will be made in the columns of THE CLIPPER.....Operatic ventures have not prospered of late in Dubuque, for the last Lucy when she sought to evade the demands of some of her people, and Rullman mourns, while Maretzek laughs to see the fine sport. 'Twas ever thus—what is one man's ipecacuana is another man's gruel; what creates a depression in one exhilarates the other. Opera openings in this city next season are alike uncertain, aye, and of fraudulent intent. We remember a vendor of lobsters—real lobsters—who used to howl his wares in a *real obstinate* manner. His lungs were the terror of late sleepers, and his name was Bill Snapp! To think of this being formed into Signor Guillaume Snappetti! But it was; and he became primo basso of an Italian Opera Company that has been driving people away, up in Indiana. We met him yesterday, but oh! what a change! Coat seedy, hat queer, boots unblacked, and moustache no longer waxed to resemble a pair of horizontal bars. (He had the *horrors on till barz* relieved him with liquor). It was a sad, sad sight. He placed his hands upon the parquet of his stomach and whispered "Money!" We gave him some. It is a way we have—and then we questioned him. "Where are your diamonds?" "Gone." "Your securities?" "Gone." "Your watch?" Into our classic features he gazed a moment, and murmured wildly: "*In Hock, Signor—Vincennes.*" Then he chessed it.....This sad story reminds us of one concerning "an original minstrel." It is possible you may have heard it before. If so, Bro Clark on the subject of this dark subject. Some years ago a minstrel friend of ours had the the misfortune to lose his father by the unerring hand of death. On the day after the funeral a brother professional met the afflicted son, and, after the interchange of courtesies over a social glass, interrogated him as to the attendance at the funeral. The bereaved one threw up his hands, and while the tears coursed down his cheeks, he exclaimed: "*House crowded in every part, and we turned people away!*".....It is true that we are wonderfully and fearfully made, but it us no longer despise the theatrical supe since Bennett of *The Herald* has entered the soup profession. Brace up, now; Brace up!.....Because this is the season of Lent, *sacred* concerts are now the rage. So deep set in their convictions are the proprietors of our beer-gardens that at some of the latter two or grand sacred concerts were given yesterday. And yet the Western amazons talk of *fumigating* such places.... That man who, a few evenings ago, in a Western theatre, chucked a crying baby out of the third-story window, is to have a reception at the Arcadian or Grand Duke Club-room. Thus, modest merit brings its own reward.....Enterprise must prosper. To-night Manager Wood of our Museum brings out for the first time "The Man with the *Red* Beard." This divergence is a well-deserved blow at the "Blue Beard" monopoly which has so long held possession of the stage. Mister Wood, we are under a deep sense of obligation for your kindness, and hope to have it in our power at some future opportunity to recompense you in a more satisfactory and substantial manner.....Our late reference to the sacred character of our beer gardens and those who reign therein, calls up a kindly reminiscence about old Lang, who used to keep a brewery in New Jersey, and with whom the boys had lots of fun. One day Langy had a new sign painted, and the venerable beer-maker thought something unusual was brewing when a crowd of the young fellers appeared before his house that night; but when, in compliment to the old party, the boys began to sing "Old Lang's Sign," his indignation knew no bounds.....They say that P. A. Fitzgerald of Philadelphia is guilty of "Infanticide." But play-writers will do such things.....They are threatened with *another* Dedleck at Booth's Theatre, this week. We trust that it may not be a dead lock out.....Must an author be necessarily mellow when the composes a melodrama? If so, wouldn't his own work answer as a composing draft?.....Manager Daly is deserving of all success—he has given us not only a beautiful theatre, but he is ever on the alert for the newest things out. Let us hope that the new play about to be produced by him may turn out to be a "Charity" benefit of the biggest kind.....A glance at our advertisements will show that the circus people are moving. Candy-butchers, side-show blowers, and curiosity vendors are all alive with brilliant expectations. The gentlemen whose "vanishing amputation of legs itself" are "tumbling to it" as their cheerful voices ring out the stirring strains of "Spring, *early* Spring." Advance agents, true to their calling, are already here in advance of time; and the other night, on Broadway, a frail creature sought to inveigle a layer-out who had just come to town. It took him only two minutes to lay her out, and it took the police *less* time to lay *him* out. It was a Raree show while the subjugating process was going on. Managers are bobbing around a good deal, but they don't *say* much. Clowns are here, too. We accosted one yesterday, during the *entire act*, at church. "How are you, George?" was the only new?" "Hush!" then we waited, supposing he was going to tell us something funny. But he quietly passed away, and was heard no more. "A Friend," who loves the circus, desires us to give publicity to these lines: [In a side note he says the rhymes may *look* a little queer, but they're good.—Ed.]

THE SPRING CAMPANE.

Of all the shose that's goin' out,
Giv me the gallint surkins—
For there ye vale and thrushings as ne'er
Was dun in anshint firkins.
The rider on his horse he stands
All drest in lilies and spangles,
And by his side a guri she lites
With nete and showy ankils.

And next the clown he prances out—
Not lepers like—O, no!
I saw him but a hour ago,
A-hollerin' out I'ne kenoes—
With ise a winkin' at the boys,
He tells a comic story,
And then you ort to hear 'em laff—
'Bout him there's nothin' biory.

And then the lepers *they* come out—
Not lepers like—O, no!
But our Jim nastic boys, you bet,
In silver and in gold.
Behold 'em as they're sore aloft,
One almost on the other—
I never yet could under-stand
Why they don't git tangld in each other.

Theatres needs do only a Spring
For them wich likes the drammer,
But the surkis is the sho for me,
From mane to ma bammer;
So save your fimsey rame, me boys,
The grate sho is a cummin,
And when the boys they wonst git out,
They'll send the things a hummin.

CITY SUMMARY.

"DOLLY" DAVENPORT'S FUNERAL.—The obsequies of A. H. Davenport, who died at New Orleans, La., on Oct. 23, 1873, and whose remains had recently been brought to this city in second-class order, at the desire of the deceased, took place at the Church of the Strangers, in Mercer street near Eighth, on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 19. It was a cold, cheerless day, and the leaden clouds which obscured the rays of the sun threatened momentarily to add their tears to the scene. In the absence of the pastor, the church added to the discomfort of those present. These conditions, combined with the fact that two dramatic performances, calling into requisition the services of a large number of professional persons who had generously given their services, and the fact that the funeral was unfortunate, were in progress at the same hour, and the lack of sufficient notice being given of the funeral, caused the attendance of his professional brethren and sisters to be somewhat limited in numbers. At about half-past two o'clock the New York Lodge of Elks, No. 330, of which the deceased was a member of the church, the pallbearers, some eight in number, removed the casket from the hearse, and entered the church, followed by the members of the lodge, amid the strains of a dirge from the organ. The remains being placed in front of the pulpit, and the members of the Lodge having taken seats around about it, the services for the dead according to the Masonic ritual were commenced by the delivery of a prayer in a touching manner by the chaplain of the lodge, Dr. Charles F. Brown. John F. Griffen, the Hon. W. Master, then read the dues of the musical, and expressive of earnest feeling, the beautiful Masonic service for the dead. Another prayer by Chaplain Brown; a hymn sung by the members of the lodge; the placing of the apron and an emblem upon the casket by the Master, and the sprinkling of a sprig of evergreen upon it by each member, who at the same time ejaculated "Alas! Poor Brother," closed the services. An opportunity was then offered such of those present as desired to view an enclosed photograph of the deceased placed upon a table near the casket. The casket was covered with floral offerings, among which were a large tablet of camelias and tuberoses, with the words, in purple heliotropes, "Alas, Poor Dolly"; contributed by the deceased's brother-in-law, and "Gone My Dolly," from the widow (professionally known as Miss Frankie McLellan, who had accompanied the remains from New Orleans), who, with the late Mr. Davenport's mother, sat directly in front of the casket; and a large cross of white flowers. Among the professional persons present we noticed W. R. Floyd, John Carroll, J. B. Booth, H. Watkins, Ben Baker, M. W. Leffingwell, Claude Burroughs, Mr. Souter, Ben Maginley, Mons. La Thorne, Mr. Ferguson, T. J. Hind, T. S. Morris, T. L. Donnelly, C. T. Parsloe, Mr. Vincent, Mr. Vincent, Jr., Mr. Norge, and Mr. Edouin. The remains were interred in the vault of the New York Lodge in Greenwood cemetery.

BUT FEW CHANGES occurred in the programme at the Grand Opera-house since our last report. The fresh appearances consisted of the Jee Brothers, the excellence of whose performance of their musical specialties is patent to our readers, and Miss Annie Hindle, whose ability as a character vocalist in male attire is quite as well known. The farce of "The Lottery Ticket," acted under the title of "2450," with G. L. Fox as Wormwood, was the only other novelty. The vocalisms of the Marten Family, the acrobatic and gymnastic feats of the Wilson Brothers; King Sarbro's thrilling rope descent, and an act called the "Suspended Bamboo," hitherto given by other Japanese gymnasts; "The Sculptor's Dream," by Bella and Emily Bland, and a corps de ballet; and "Humpty Dumpty at School," were the remaining features. Attendance good.

DELEHANTY AND HENGLER were the only additions to the company at the Metropolitan Theatre on Feb. 16. They performed their new act entitled "Tom in a Kitchen," reviewed in our past issue. The farce of "To Parents and Guardians" was first produced on Feb. 16, with Miss Jenny Hughes as Master Bob Nettles, but, failing to give satisfaction, was speedily removed from the bills, and "The Lucky Number" or "The Lottery Ticket" was substituted, with George F. Ketchum as Wormwood and Miss Hughes as Susan. The remainder of the programme was made up of familiar acts as follows: "Nobody's Child," by Charles E. Worley; trapeze act by Leona Dare; "A Slippery Day," with Sam Rickey as the Policeman; banjo-ology songs by Jenny Hughes; a flower dance by the Schrotter Sisters and Katie Wilson; Frank Hussey, Cool White, Billy West and John Queen in a sketch called "Aunt Hannah's Pie;" acrobatic feats by the Jackley Family; "Pathetic Recollections" by Frank Hussey; and "Uncle Sam's Brazilian Fair" by the Martinetti Pantomime Troupe. The auditorium has been well filled. Miss Lizzie Kelsey is to reappear Feb. 23.

JOHN A. STEVENS, at the Wood's Museum evening performances of the expired week, acted the chief character in the drama entitled "Daniel Boone the Pioneer of Kentucky," so frequently reviewed in these columns. At the matinees "A Quiet Family," a variety olio by Felix Langlois, the Egyptian juggler; Little Emma, song-and-dance performer; Young Odin, gymnast; the Guy Family—Miami, George, Senior, Charley, Willie, George, Jr., and Little Johnny, and the Watson Brothers, gymnasts; and a negro farce called "Old Times," performed by the Guy Family, were the programme. The variety performers also gave a brief olio at the commencement of the evening performances. For the present week "The Man with the Red Beard" will be acted in the evenings; and at the matinees Prof. Handricourt and Brothers will perform magical feats; the Bedouin Arabs will appear, and "Dombey & Son" will be performed.

AT BUNNEY'S MINSTRELS on Feb. 16, the programme included in the first part H. C. Collins (a new addition to the company), who supplied Mr. A. H. Pelham's place, and sang quite effectively "Dublin Bay;" Dave Reed gave the revived humorous ditty, "How D'ye, Aunt Susy?" Charles Templeton "The Merry Land of Childhood;" Dan Bryant a comic song; and W. Raymond a new song by J. R. Thomas, entitled "Cottage by the Lake." In the olio Eugene sang burlesque ballads; and the sketches of "The Second-hand Hotel" and "Fooling with the Wrong Man" were revived. The attendance continues large.

ADDITIONS were made to the forces at Tony Pastor's on Feb. 16, which had the effect to increase the average attendance. Miss Ada Freeman, who has a petite figure and dresses neatly, gave satisfaction in song-and-dance; Miss Josie Granger sang a number of rosh serio-comic songs, which met the approval of the audience—her personal beauty was enhanced by a charming toilet; John Morris performed his "Mystic Changes," and Prof. J. L. Davis exhibited his troupe of trained dogs. Niles and Evans, who made their metropolitan debut, performed songs-and-dances, in white faces, which were uniformless and original; they represented a male and a female, and were richly and tastily costumed—the one representing the female character has been endowed by nature with features of a decidedly feminine cast, indicative of culture, and refinement, and his make-up, voice, gestures and movements were all thoroughly in keeping with the character assumed that the illusion was so perfect that one could not but believe that it was a lady, and not a gentleman, who was performing. The above comprised the fresh appearances of the week. The ever-welcome Freeman Sisters performed musical sketches, and gave a duet, with dual banjo accompaniment called "When John Bull Married Russia," which contained many humorous local allusions. Tony Pastor has perfected his "Stereoscope Song," and the pictures now appear more vivid and brilliant. In addition, some of the choicest songs of his repertory were given. Serio-comic songs by Miss Katie Shaw; Irish songs-and-dances by "Paddy" Rooney; and the sketches of "The White Statue," "The Mountebanks," "One Night in a Barrooom," and "The Dutch Musicians," introducing Larry Tooley, Billy Barry, Frank Girard, Joe Lang, C. F. Seabert and Hannah Birch, filled out the bill.

THE BERGER FAMILY OF SWISS BELLRINGERS and Sol Smith Russell are to commence a four weeks' engagement at the Olympic Theatre on March 2.

WITH REGARD TO THE UNION-SQUARE THEATRE we can only repeat: crowded houses during the entire week, and everybody delighted with "Led Astray."

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," a comedy by William Shakespeare, was acted for the first time in this city, at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, on Saturday evening, Feb. 21. As we can find no record of any previous performance of this comedy in this city, we think we are justified in the above statement. It is generally conceded that it was the first dramatic production of Shakespeare's, and the first record of its performance was before Queen Elizabeth, at Christmas, in 1597. Malone thinks it was written in 1594, but Coleridge supposes that it was planned much earlier, probably before the dramatist left Stratford and went to London, and that it was a boyish production, which was afterwards retouched and improved. Charles Knight says: "If Shakespeare had been asked for the plot of 'Love's Labour's Lost,' he might have answered, anticipating Canning's 'Knife-grinder:' 'Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.'" It is a pleasant satire upon the affected manners of the people of the period, the most notable examples of which are the stilted, bombastic speeches of Armado the Spaniard, and the pedantry of Holoferhes. The various characters seem but mere sketches, which reappear in more perfected form in his subsequent plays. Biron reappears in Benedick and Mercutio; Armado the Spaniard as Malvolio in the "Twelfth Night;" Dull as Dogberry; Holofernes as Sir Hugh Evans: Nathaniel as Justice Shallow; Costard is again seen in all of Shakespeare's clowns; Rosaline as Beatrice; and Jaquenetta as Audrey. The version acted at the Fifth-avenue was the same that had been performed at Covent Garden, London, Eng., Sept. 30, 1839. We append the cast of both productions:

	Fifth-av. Theatre, Feb. 21, 1874.	*Covent-garden Theatre. Sept. 30, 1839.*
Ferdinand	D. H. Harkins	Mr. Cooper.
Biron	George Clarke	Mr. Andersen.
Longaville	Louis James	Mr. Wm. James.
Dumain	Hart Conway	J. Vining.
Boyet	F. Hardenberg	F. Mathews.
Mercade	T. Deveau	W. H. Payne.
Don Adriano de Armado	Charles Fisher	Mr. Harley.
Sir Nathaniel	D. Whiting	Mr. Meadows.
Holofernes	W. Davidge	Mr. Keeley.
Dull	O. Fawcett	Mr. Granby.
Costard	James Lewis	Mr. Keeley.
Moth	Miss S. Congdon	Miss Lee.
A Forester	F. Chapman	C. J. Smith.
The Princess of France	Ada Dyas	Mrs. Nisbett.
Rosaline	Fanny Davenport.	Mad. Vestris.
Maria	Sara Jewett	Miss E. Phillips.
Katharine	Nina Varian	Miss Charles.
Jaquenetta	Nellie Mortimer	Mrs. Humby.

CHARACTERS IN THE PAGEANT OF THE NINE WORTHIES.

Pompey the Great.....Costard, the Clown
Alexander the Conqueror.....Nathaniel, the parson
Judas Maccabeus.....Holofernes, the schoolmaster
The Infant Hercules.....Moth, the page
Hector the Mighty.....Don Adriano, the Spaniard

CHARACTERS IN THE FINALE.

Helms, or Winter.....Mr. J. G. Peakes
Ver, or Spring.....Gretchen

It was mounted with beautiful scenery, most of which had been painted expressly for the occasion. That of the first act represented a park. (It is where the entire action occurs), with a terrace and steps leading to it, and a portion of the King's palace visible on the stage left; of the second act, another portion of the same park, with the encampment of the Princess of France and her retinue; of the third, the forest of Navarre; of the fourth, the interior of the Princess' tent; of the fifth, the Park and old Palace; the Princess' tent; a Winter scene for the first used in the pageant, in which a sledge drawn by two horses was seen in the centre of the stage, containing the character of Helms, and a vast landscape covered with snow; and the last scene representing Spring, a Watteau tableau of great beauty. The character of Ver occupied an arbor in the centre of the stage, while on elevated positions at the rear were seen shepherds and shepherdesses reclining upon mossy banks, surrounded by their flocks. Fountains threw forth translucent streams, and the rich green foliage was intermingled with flowers of bright hues, while over all fell a flood of changing light. The costumes and jewels, which were of the Elizabethan period, were all entirely new, and their bright colors harmonized with the pleasing effect. Dresses were all of satin: that of Ferdinand being purple; Biron, blue; Longaville, white; Dumain, green; Boyet, white; de Armado, orange; the Princess, garnet; Rosaline, yellow and crimson; Maria, white; and Katharine, blue. The acting, as a whole, was excellent. Mr. Harkins has seldom been seen to better advantage than as the King. He seemed to have caught the true inspiration of the character, and his reading was intelligent. Mr. George Clarke evidently had bestowed unusual care and study upon Biron, and achieved a marked success. Miss Annie Hanna and Hart Conway as Longaville and Dumain were excellent. Mr. Hardenberg was graceful and easy as the courtier Boyet, and his impersonation stamped him a thorough Shakespearian scholar. Mr. Deveau delivered with care the few lines allotted to Mercade. Charles Fisher's impersonation of the Spaniard, Don Adriano de Armado, was a study, and his conception and embodiment of the character was artistic, while his delivery of the bombastic language was most enjoyable. Mr. Davidge won an equal success by his admirable acting as Holofernes. Mr. Whiting was quite satisfactory as Nathaniel. Mr. Owen Fawcett deserves much praise for his excellent interpretation of the character of the stupid constable, Dull, which bore the impress of true merit. James Lewis should be credited with an earnest and thoroughly artistic interpretation of the clown, Costard. The character of Moth, the page, was acted with much naivete, wit and intelligence by a young Miss of some fifteen Summers, set down in the bill as Miss Stella Congdon; but, from a very pronounced resemblance to Miss Fanny Davenport, it is surmised that she must bear a close relationship to the latter. This was her first appearance at this theatre, and a most successful one. She evinces the possession of great ability, which deserves watching in the future. There was but little demand upon the histrionic abilities of the ladies in the cast, save those of Miss Nellie Mortimer, who had evidently taken Ada Dyas as a model for her impersonation of Jacquenetta, of which she gave a thoroughly enjoyable interpretation. Miss Ada Dyas as the Princess was dignified and intelligent, Miss Fanny Davenport was vivacious and piquant as Rosaline, and the Misses Jewett and Varian were commendable as Maria and Katharine respectively. The mime entitled "The Pageant of the Nine Worthies," which evidently suggested the play by the hard-handed men of Athens in "A Midsummer-night's Dream," was provocative of much laughter. In the finale James S. Peakes, in the character of Helms, sang "When icicles hang" with excellent effect; and Gretchen Marten, of the Marten Family, in the character of Spring, "When spring replied." The initial performance was given in the presence of a large, brilliant and intelligent audience, and we think that the comedy may have a brief, successful run. Of course, frequent repetition of the performances will give a softness and additional finish to the future representations, which can in no other way be acquired. When we take into consideration the difficulties to be overcome on the first production of such a comedy, we think great credit is due to Mr. Daly, the company and every branch of the stage department of the theatre. Mr. J. W. Morrisey, the treasurer, has published the comedy in a neat and attractive form, for sale in the auditorium.

E. EDDY is to commence an engagment at the Bowery Theatre on March 9. Mr. Eddy trod that stage for many years, one of the greatest favorites that ever appeared there. We doubt not his return, after a prolonged absence, will be hailed with acclamations of delight by his many friends and admirers. On the 16th he will act in an entirely new and original drama, which has been written expressly for him by Stanley Kenna, entitled "Revenge."

"MARKED FOR LIFE" was revived at the Bowery Theatre on Monday evening, Feb. 16, and held the boards during the week. S. C. France acted his original character of Skid, to the delight of his audiences, which bids fair to engagement with the week. Louise Sylvester, who also commenced an engagement on Feb. 16, acted Milly in "The Maid with the Milking Pail." The Russian athletes the Brothers Johanoff, in a ceiling-walking act; gymnastic performances by Messrs. Dunbar, Donaldson, Siegrist and Antonio; and Chinese juggling by Ching Ling Foo, completed the performances, which attracted a good attendance. Miss Ella Wesner is to commence an engagement on Feb. 23, giving her character songs until Friday, when she will act in a new comedy entitled "Tom Tipid." "Sunlight Through the Mist," with Louise Sylvester, will form the chief attraction.

THE SHOWMAN'S GUIDE.—A new and revised edition of this book has just been issued by Col. T. Allston Brown. It contains eighty pages of condensed information, very valuable to show agents and managers, including a list of 1,225 halls in 1,101 towns in the United States and Canada, their seating capacity and other particulars, together with the names of billposters and newspapers in several towns, a table of distances, and fifteen laid-out routes. For further particulars read the author's announcement in the business department of THIS CLIPPER.

THE PRAEGER FAMILY are engaged at the Colosseum, where they can be addressed.

W. B. FRELIGH has tendered the use of the Bowery Theatre with all its resources, for any two days during the present week, for the benefit of the poor, and offers to co-operate with other managers in any way that may be thought best. He suggests that one matinee be given during the present week for the benefit of the general poor, and one a week later for the distressed of the Sixth and Tenth Wards.

MR. W. W. FOWLER, business manager of the Berger Family, arrived in this city on Saturday, Feb. 21, having sufficiently recovered from his recent illness to be able to attend to business again. The Berger Family are to make their first appearance in New York in three years at the Olympic Theatre on March 2.

A BENEFIT FOR THE RELIEF of Miss Phillis Glover, a well-known actress, and the family of Howard Glover, musical composer, who have been in distressing circumstances for some time, is to be given at the Lyceum Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 25, at half-past one o'clock, when "Marble Heart" and "A Loan of a Lover" will be the programme. Mr. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., will act Raphael, and Miss Glover Marco in the first piece; and among the other artists who have kindly volunteered their services are Harry Beckett, W. J. Ferguson, C. F. Browne, E. M. Holland, Mrs. Charles Rehoch, Char

was magnificent, and fully sustains her reputation as being one of the best dressers on the stage. Miss Pickey Lingard, a pet with the Detroit public, essayed the artless daughter Helene true to nature, and won many more admirers; whilst Lingard gave Achille, a genteel comedy character, in a manner that delighted all. Mr. Ogden was laboring under a very bad cold, and what was lacking in voice was made up in acting. We've never seen more elegant stage-sets than Lingard used. They open in St. Louis on the 23d, for one week.....T. G. Riggs puts in a sudden appearance on the 20th and 21st, in 'Shin Pane,' under W. H. Hough's management."

CHAS. M'GINNIS' Gem Comedy Constellation played at Evansville, Ind., Feb. 17.

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION is to perform at Troy, N. Y., Feb. 24, 25.

"LITTLE" NELL and a dramatic company performed at Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 17, 18, 19, Decatur 20, Springfield 21, and is billed at Jacksonville 23, 24.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY opened at Lucknow, Ont., for a four nights' season, on Feb. 16. They went thence to Wingham, Clinton, Seaforth, Mitchell and Stratford, Ont. Business is reported excellent.

BAKER AND FARRON opened at the Pittsburgh Opera-house on Feb. 16, in "Chris and Lena." Our correspondent, under date of Feb. 20, remarks: "The attendance was good, and has continued so all the week. In the impersonation of their respective roles, the gentlemen exhibit the possession of a commendable degree of dramatic ability. Their singing and dancing are creditable, and their efforts receive due recognition from the audiences. Mrs. Jas. A. Oates and company commence on the 23d. Harry Ellsler is in Youngstown, O., this week, effecting arrangements for the appearance of the Pittsburgh Opera-house company at that place on the 25d, at which time the new theatre there will be dedicated. The company will remain two weeks, and will be accompanied by Managers Ellsler and Gotthold. Mr. Couldock will be the star attraction, and the following pieces will comprise in part those which will be presented during the stay of the Opera-house company: 'Richelieu,' 'Widow Copse,' 'King Lear,' 'Chimney Corner,' 'Milky White' and 'King Henry IV.'"

DRAMATIC and variety stars desiring to fill dates in March, April and May at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., are referred to D. Bidwell's card in another department.

OWEN MARLOWE had a complimentary testimonial on Friday afternoon, Feb. 20, at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, which was well attended. Mrs. Bowers and Mr. McCollom appeared in the screen scene from "The School For Scandal," Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe, Mr. C. Walcott, Miss Lulu Prior, and Mr. Fisher played in "Bubbles of Bubbletty," Piece of Bubbletty" Miss Emma Webb recited, and Messrs. Fiske, Billy Hart, and Hugh Fay performed in the variety part of the entertainment.

SIG. F. ARRIGONI, scenic artist, who has just arrived from Havana, Cuba, where he was engaged painting the scenery of the Tacon Theatre, and who has had considerable experience in this country and Europe, is prepared to negotiate with managers of first-class theatres. For address, etc., see advertisement.

H. A. KENDALL commenced a season of one week at Tootle's Opera-house, St. Joseph, Mo., on Feb. 16, producing the "Lancashire Lass." Of Mr. Kendall's Party by the Name of Johnson, and Rip Van Winkle, in which character he appeared on the second night, the St. Joseph papers say:

Mr. H. A. Kendall is the peer of the best actors in the country, and sustained the character he assumed, that of a Party by the Name of Johnson, in a most creditable manner. He does not depend upon mere "clap-trap" for effect, but adheres to the legitimate and leaves the large audiences he so well merits.—*St. Joseph Daily Gazette.*

There are seventeen performers in the company, and wherever they have appeared the press and people have paid them the highest encomiums. Scarcely another company in the country has ever received such a cheerful and unstinted meed of praise. Mr. Kendall is one of the finest actors upon the American stage, and is almost faultless. Many seem to suppose it not worth while to see anyone but Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," yet a number who had seen the same who has rendered the character immortal, witnessed the fine rendition by Mr. Kendall last evening, and their verdict was that he equaled Jefferson, while in the looking-scene he was much superior. We have no comparison to draw between the two. Both are superior, each in his own way. Kendall has a fine conception of the character, and renders it in such a manner as to make it of thrilling and intense interest. His make-up is acknowledged to be superior to Jefferson's, and his make-up is excellent.—*St. Joseph Daily Herald.*

MUSICAL.

THE CHORUS SINGERS WANT THEIR SALARY.—The members of the chorus and the orchestra engaged at Havana, Cuba, during the recent season there, have sued Lucca, di Murska and Vizzani, for salary due them, and for their return passage to New York. The defendants refused to pay, and the Court issued an order prohibiting their departure from the island until the people were paid. On Feb. 19, Lucca, it is said, attempted to leave clandestinely on the steamer for New York. Her husband, servants and luggage were on board, and shortly before the sailing of the steamer a lady, closely veiled, was seen to approach. A committee of the chorus who were on the look-out discovered her to be Lucca, and informed the police, who compelled the entire party to return ashore. Later information states that Lucca, di Murska and Vizzani sailed for New York on Feb. 21, after depositing in Court the amount demanded by the chorus and orchestra. The latter will be compelled to remain on the island until the legal proceedings are terminated. It is said that they are in want, and several of them are ill. Mr. Jarrett has been sued by the principals of the company, who demand a rendering of accounts.

CARL PAMPE, violinist, composes and arranges orchestra and band music.

A BARITONE PLAYER and a slide trombone player advertise that they can be engaged to travel together.

THE SENIOR PEAK FAMILY, with Alf. Wyman, comedian, are to perform at Belvidere, Ill., Feb. 23, Marengo 24, Elgin 25, McHenry 26, Woodstock 27, Harvard 28, Kenosha, Wis., March 2, Burlington 3, Elkhart 4, Clinton 5, Beloit 6, Janesville 7. Wiley Hamilton is to join them on Feb. 25.

TALENT is wanted for Berry's Opera-house, New York. See advertisement.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bay City, Mich., will be opened on March 1, and Joe Mills, the proprietor, whose card find elsewhere, would like to hear from a leader of orchestra, who can play brass, and from performers desiring engagements.

DANIEL GUILFOYLE, song-and-dance performer (of the firm of "Gilfoyle and Rourke), whose death we recorded in our past issue as having taken place at Syracuse, N. Y., on Feb. 14, died of congestion of the lungs, on Feb. 13, at Toronto, Ont., while fulfilling an engagement at the Academy of Music. His home was in Syracuse, N. Y.

DAN DRIESBACH, clarionet, violin and alto player, advertises for an engagement.

THE HAYES QUARTET on Feb. 27, and the Vescelius Sisters on March 9, are to sing at Mishler's Academy of Music, Reading, Pa.

THE NILSSON Opera Troupe appeared at the Opera-house, Providence, R. I., Feb. 16 and 17, minus the star, on the latter date.

ALEX. CALHOUN will play the entire Kellogg English Opera Troupe over the New England circuit, commencing on March 2. They will appear at Bridgeport, Ct., March 7.

C. WHITCOMB, solo harpist, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged after March 10.

L. A. BLANCHARD, music publisher and dealer in musical instruments, inserts his card in another column.

CHARLEY SHAY'S CURIOUCLEKAL FIRE reported to have collapsed at Columbus O., Feb. 12, by which several members of company were left entirely destitute.

PETTITT & WHITE'S CONSTELLATION exhibited at Lakeville, Mich., Feb. 16, Oxford 17, Pontiac 18, Attica 19, Imlay City 20, Almonte 21.

THE VENTING TROUPE, who commenced a two weeks' engagement at Troy, N. Y., Feb. 16, are to play for a like period at Hartford, Ct., beginning March 2; thence to the Tivoli Garden, N. Y., for the Summer season.

FRANK KERNS arrived at Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 15.

FRED C. LOVEJOY, clarionet and E-flat alto player, advertises for an engagement.

IRVIN T. BUSH, double bass and tuba player, and Fred Tillotson, solo alto player and second violinist, can be engaged for a circus band, and they would like to hear again from Cal Wagner. See card.

NEWTON PERRY, flute player, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

SPALDING'S BELLRINGERS, we are told, did a large business at Montreal, Canada, during their recent engagement. At the Saturday matinee 1,600 tickets were sold. They are to perform at St. Johnsbury, Vt., Feb. 27, 28.

AT THE ACADEMY, Brooklyn, the Italian Opera Company were to have appeared in "The Huguenots" on Saturday, Feb. 21, but "owing to Nilsson's hoarseness" the opera had to be postponed.

A VIOLINIST and an organist, who can play small parts, are advertised for by Charles M'Ginnis.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL, the humorist, with the Berger Family of Swiss Bellringers, has met with greater success than ever during the tour the present season. *The Nashville* (Tenn.) *Banner* pays the following compliment to Mr. Russell's impersonation of his comic sketch of "Dorcas Pennyroyal:"

Russell's "Dorcas Pennyroyal" is one of the best pieces of comic acting on the American stage. The satire from beginning to end is portrayed with a faithfulness to nature, in the effort of which Smith is just simply perfect. The mincing movement of Dorcas' fan is an inspiration—the spasmodic jerk with which she retreats behind it, the very paralysis of modesty. Mr. Russell was completely obliterated in the rendition as is Joe Jefferson in Rip. There is more old-fashioned, genuine, hearty humor in the caricature than in a whole gallery of Hogarth, or a library of Lamb.

THE WILLIS SISTERS and Charley Harrison's Concert Troupe were at Hoopston, Ill., Feb. 19, Milford 20, Watseka 21, and are billed at Onarga 23, Loda 24.

THE BERGER FAMILY, vocalists and Swiss bellringers, and Sol Smith Russell, humorist, continue to meet with success in the Southern States, as will be seen by the following press notices:

A splendid audience, both as to size and *material*, greeted the Bergers and Sol Smith Russell at the Opera-house last night, and all present were delighted with the entertainment. In his character songs and sketches, Russell was immense. He has always been a favorite with our citizens, and never pleased them better than in the performance of last night. His imitations are so true to life that they invariably bring down the house. The musical portion of the entertainment was first-class, the audience being enchanted and delighted at the skillful manner in which the talented Berger Family manipulated the bells, piccolos, violins and other musical instruments. The entertainment closes with this evening's performance.—*Union and American*, Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 20.

THE BERGER FAMILY LAST NIGHT.—All the seats at Lamar Hall were filled last night, and additional benches had to be procured. Sol Smith Russell and Sol Smith Russell are old-established favorites here, and never fail to draw crowded houses. During the two years since we saw them last Miss Annie Berger has greatly improved in her cornet playing, and may now be ranked among the best performers on that instrument in the country. Sol Smith Russell has added new comicalities to his repertoire, and is still the same genial humorist as of old. We wish them abundant success.—*Daily Times*, Chattanooga, Feb. 14.

VARIETY HALLS.

E. D. DAVIES, who spells his name with an e, and who fulfilled a long and highly successful engagement at Niblo's Garden in "The Black Crook," delighting his auditors with his ventriloquial conversations, is to travel with Tony Pastor's company, which will start upon a tour at Trenton, N. J., on March 6.

JOHN L. SANFORD, whose card is in another column, states that Hattie Ellis, with her trained dogs, and Smith and Tonge, trapeze artists, can be engaged through him.

HILLIARD & HAMILTON'S Pacific Combination and Variety Show is to take to the road early in April from Greenville, Ill. They will travel through Illinois, Missouri and the South, and employ forty men and a like number of horses.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Brooklyn, Donnelly has Davies the ventriloquist, Harrigan and Hart, the Victorellis, Lina Edwin, Bland Holt, Annie Braddon, Billy Hart, Hugh Fay, Archie Hughes and a host of others. At all the places matinees took place on the 23d, when Washington's birthday was celebrated.....At Weber's Lion Garden Varieties, in Brooklyn, the Robinson Family, Charley Hanlin and Bob McDermot are the stars, the latter appearing in "Bad Whiskey." An extra "Bad Whiskey" matinee was advertised for the 23d.

R. A. BRENNAN, proprietor of Erin and the Brennans, can be addressed care of this office.

G. M. M., who advertises, wants a lady partner for trapeze business.

PERFORMERS of ability and combinations desiring engagements at the Orpheum, Kansas City, Mo., are requested to address Hi. Chapman, as per card elsewhere.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY, gymnasts, and Annie Braddon, vocalist, are at present performing at the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MRS. JOHN MCVEIGH, professionally known as Kate Montrose, serio-comic, presented her husband, at Jackson, Mich., on Feb. 17, with a son weighing nine pounds.

THE NEW FEATURES at the Dominion Theatre, Montreal, for the past week were Mlle. Fontainblean and Miss Alice Somers. An extravaganza entitled "Boston Jubilee," in which Mr. Newcomb acts as conductor, afforded considerable amusement. Attendance good, matinees being particularly well patronized.

THE ST. FELIX BALLET TROUPE, who made a hit in their dances, and George White, who sang pathetic ballads and performed a vaulting bone solo, were the fresh appearances during the expired week at the Varieties, Providence, R. I. The departures were St. George and Gibbons, Charles and Alice Gleason to Hartford, Ct., and George White.

GREINER'S COMIQUE COMBINATION exhibited at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., Feb. 16, 17, Fishkill 18, Cold Spring 19, 20, Highland Falls 21, and will be at Haverstraw 23, Peekskill 24.

COGILL AND COOPER, song-and-dance men, who are performing at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., are favorably noticed by the press of that city. See extract in advertisement.

AT THE MOZART VARIETIES, Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 16, the arrivals were Ella Love, song-and-dance and jig; Fanny Gilmore, serio-comic; Ida Brandt and Florence Bell, statuary—very good; Ed. French, banjo-solo and comedian; Mons. Brandt, in feats of strength; L. P. Williams, harmonica soloist; and Billy Hasson stage-manager. Biz immense. Coming, 23d: Millie Rosetta, trapeze and serio-comic; Bryant and Williams, acrobatic song-and-dance; and Mike Gallagher, Irish comedian.

VARIETY TALENT and a leader of orchestra are wanted by Messrs. Brown & Gilbert, who advertise, and they would like to hear from Clara Burton, Maggie Willet, John Denier, Frank Carlton and Charley Young.

WALLA LEONARD, a man-monkey, pantomimist and gymnast, and Nellie Leonard, gymnast, can be engaged through their agent, Geo. S. Thurber of Chicago.

AT BECKER BROS., CONCERT HALL, Dayton, O., business is fair. The following comprises the party: J. C. Denis, boy club-swinger; Prof. Kline and his Peter Hontz Family; Jerry Blackburn, song-and-dance; and Harry Blood, banjoist and comedian; with Prof. L. Becker as pianist. The entertainment comprises a first and second part.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Columbus, O., the only new faces during the past week were Allen and Hough, song-and-dance artists. Freary and Miss Steele closed Feb. 21, and went to Wheeling. Cincinnatus, Hattie Rogers, Jimmy Emmerson and Clark Gibbs remain.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., the past week "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" has continued as the *piece de resistance*. The new arrivals were Mackin and Wilson, a couple of excellent song-and-dance men; and the Fieldings—all of them well and favorably known in Boston. Having frequently reviewed their performances, further comment is unnecessary. The departures last night were Yankee Locke, Minnie Maddern, C. L. Farwell and Mrs. Maddern. For the coming week a new idea is to be inaugurated, viz., performances every day, afternoon and evening. In the afternoon a variety olio, and in the evening Eddy's Female Troupe in "La Paris," followed by a brief olio. Eddy is the only new arrival. Next Monday, March 2, the company go traveling, and the Vokes Family take possession of the theatre for a season of two weeks. Correspondence dated Feb. 22.

THE ATLANTA LARGE COMPANY at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., was increased on Feb. 16 by the arrival of Mlle. Emma Jautau, Geo. Brown and W. H. Davis. The two former first appeared in a double-trapeze act, which was the most wonderful performance seen here in a long time. Mlle. Jautau afterwards appeared in a slack-wire walking act, which also met with applause. W. H. Davis appeared in a minor character in a drama entitled "Alone." Ella Hetlin, J. W. Berkley, Frankie Berkley, Rosa Lee, Patti Rosa, and Dolly May each appeared in their specialties, making a programme seldom equaled. Business continues first-class. Mons. Bacon, Forrester, Mlle. Galletti and Lilla Melville were the new appearances at the Louisville Theatre on Feb. 16, where business is good. Miss Forrester has somewhat improved since her last appearance here, and was the recipient of an encore for her singing. Mlle. Galletti appeared in "The Storm Gallop," which was very fair. Lilla Melville sang "Homeless To-night" very pleasingly, and was the recipient of much applause. John and Blanche Nichols depart on the 21st for Nashville, Boyd and Scott for St. Louis, and Monta and Garretta—destination undecided. Lew and Frank Collins open on the 23d. Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., business continues moderate. The Henri Family, Agnes Sutherland and Charlie and Addie Castello opened on Feb. 16. The Henri Family do the best triple slide we have ever witnessed. La Belle Flora is especially deserving of praise. They are immense favorites. Miss Agnes Sutherland was frequently encored. The Castellos do a fair double-trapeze act, although they labor under the disadvantage of performing under a low ceiling. Lew and Frank Collins close Feb. 21, and then go to Louisville for three weeks, Saginaw four weeks, returning here on April 27. Mlle. Lea, Dan Howard and Robert V. Ferguson open 23d, and Walter and Lizzie Bray March 2.....Madame Lopez and Family and Frank J. Le Roy performed in Monroe, Mich., Feb. 19, to a good house.....Dan Shelby was here Feb. 20, 21. Route: Adrian, Mich., 23, Jackson 24, Grand Rapids 25, 26, Detroit 27, 28, Cleveland March 2, 3, Akron 4, Meadville, Pa., 5, Oil City 6. Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

AT THE ODEON, Newark, N. J., Foley and Wade, Tommy Dayton, and Annie Rattelle were announced for Feb. 16, but failed to put in an appearance. Their loss was paid for by the engagement of W. Ashcroft and Miss Kitty Brooks. Those closing on the 21st were Annie and Andy Hughes, Prince d'Jalma, Alice Bennett and the Jee Children. Announcements for 23d: Jas. E. Carton, Little Josie, the Daley Bros., the Grimley Children, Harry Lang and Fred Sharpley.

HARRY GURR the "man-fish" is to perform one week at Rochester, N. Y., beginning Feb. 23; then two weeks at Troy, two at Cleveland, O., then to Quincy, Ill., to join W. W. Cole's Circus.

ALLEN, HART & RYMAN'S Specialty Troupe performed at Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 20, New Haven 24. Route: Hartford 23, 24, Providence, R. I., 25, 26, 27, 28.

CHARLES VINCENT, character comedian, vocalist and dancer, and Amelia Dean, comedienne and dancer, are at present engaged at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., where they can be addressed.

CHARLEY GARDNER, "Hop Light Loo," and Master Charley advertise that they will be at liberty after Feb. 29.

THE NEW FACES at the Metropolitan Theatre, Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, were Miss Carrie Woods, Katie Gray, Lester and Allen and R. Jean Buckley. The attendance was rather light. The departures Feb. 21 were Lester and Allen to Aime's, Pittsburgh; Harry Eagan, Baltimore; Agnes Robertson and Katie Gray, no engagements. The announcements for Feb. 23 are Josephine Walby, Louise Edwards, Ella Sheldon, Clara Moore, Kirk and Drew.

AT THE DEPOT THEATRE COMIQUE five new people were added on Feb. 16. Susie Starr in a Greek hornpipe exhibited rare artistic qualities as a dancseuse; her wardrobe also was very handsome. Eugene Gorman gave a flutina solo that was good, but the musical rhythm was unsatisfactory. A clog dance by John Cannon served to introduce new and difficult steps. Pete Cannon in his Irish songs was recalled. In his extemporaneous songs, Joe Gulick was cute and very funny, meeting with success. The minstrel scene closed the performance, Walter Bray as tambo and Charlie Benedict as bones. No changes this week, and on the 23d Ben Morris and Mlle. Henrietta are announced.....Jas. McDonald the skate-dancer was arrested after the performance at the Detroit Theatre Comique on Feb. 13, charged with criminal intercourse with his little daughter Baby McDonald. Being arraigned, he pleaded not guilty, and was remanded to the 20th, when his trial took place. In connection with the above Manager Welch and George Ware had a serious altercation in the Star saloon on the 16th, out of which two suits have arisen, preferred by Mr. Ware, a criminal and a civil suit claiming $25,000 damages, to come off on June 24th. Mr. Ware at present being confined to his bed. [LATER.—McDonald was honorably discharged at his trial to-day (20th), and it is now apparent that the whole thing was "a put-up job." McDonald and Baby McDonald open in Cleveland, O., March 2.] Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS are wanted for the Academy of Music, Grand Rapids, Mich., and the manager would like to hear from several performers, whose names appear in an advertisement.

BILLY ROSE and Tony Smith, Ethiopian comedians, were the leading performers in a variety entertainment given at Friendship Hall, Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., for the benefit of the Reyle Association.

THE COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT to Mlle. Ermina Venturoli at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of the 20th inst., was marked by a rather small audience. Harry Enochs, however, generously gave the free use of his theatre, and his entire company, and Primrose and West and Lizzie Sherman and Harry Watson also gave their services freely. Mr. J. E. Jackson did all the printing for the benefit free of charge. When the tickets are all returned, the beneficiary will be found to have netted over a hundred dollars.

THE EXCELLENT PROGRAMME presented at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, was received with the utmost favor by large audiences during the week ending February 21. The novelties were the first part finale to the Female Minstrels, entitled "A Night in Paris," introducing the Cancan, and the concluding sensational drama of "Lashed to the Mast," in which Messrs. H. C. Andrews and A. R. Phelps invested the leading parts with due importance, and received good support. Kate Morris and Sallie Eldridge especially deserving mention. The Ethiopian sketch of "A Landlady's Troubles" aroused hearty laughter by the efforts of Add Weaver and George W. Murray. James W. Ward's act on the *corde volante* also gained much applause. The Victorellis and H. C. Andrews closed on the 21st. Miss Carrie Craven makes her first appearance here on the 23d inst. Joe Enochs, well known in the circus and variety professions, now occupies the position of treasurer of this establishment.

MR. R. C. HART, stage-manager of the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., was on Feb. 20 presented with an elegant gold-headed cane by Mr. Jas. Martin, treasurer of that house, on the occasion of the former's benefit. Mr. Hart is now in the third year of his stage-managership, and is much esteemed by the manager and all the attaches. The house was packed throughout, and much enthusiasm existed when Mr. Frank Lunn stepped forward and made the presentation speech. The departures on the 21st were Tom Harper and Miss May Florence to Aims', Pittsburgh, 23d; Barton Opera-house, March 9; and Mlle. Lea to Toledo.....Sam Hamilton, juggler; Tom Harper, one-legged song-and-dance artist; Miss Macy, Roadcap; and Quilter and Goldrich were the arrivals on the 16th inst. Mr. James Martin ("Our Jim"), the treasurer of this house, had a benefit Feb. 20, proposing to give away one gold and one silver watch. There have been two matinees given at this house during the past two weeks for ladies and children, and we learn that being successful, they are to be established permanently.

CHARLEY HARRIS, comedian and dancer, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

DELEHANTY & HENGLER'S COMBINATION is announced at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Feb. 23, Newburg 24, Paterson, N. J., 25, New Brunswick 26, Trenton 27, Easton, Pa., 28. Among the chief attractions are Alex. Davis, ventriloquist; John Morris, mystic-change artist; the Lavarnies, character duetists; and Billy Wylie, Dutch vocalist.

DEAD.—Since our last issue the two ballet-girls Misses Laura Lee and Jennie Hess, who were badly burned at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, on the 5th inst., have died from the effects of their injuries, and the great shock to their nervous systems consequent thereon. Both appeared to be improving until the tenth or eleventh day, when a relapse for the worse took place. Miss Laura Lee died on Feb. 15, and symptoms of lockjaw set in upon Miss Hess, causing her death on the 17th. Both ladies received the best medical assistance and treatment; the proprietor of the Nelson House, where they were conveyed to, and Messrs. Mortimer, Gilmore, Herbert and others being unremitting in their efforts to alleviate their sufferings. The funeral of Miss Lee took place on the 18th inst. from the Nelson House. Mr. Mortimer had provided a very handsome rosewood coffin, and the remains were covered with floral offerings. Mrs. Harry Enochs' presenting a handsome wreath. The remains of the deceased were followed to their last resting-place in the Cathedral Cemetery by a large number of the members of the variety profession, including many from the companies of Mortimer's Varieties, Grand Central Theatre and Enochs' Varieties. The pall-bearers were Messrs. Wm. H. Porter, George W. Herbert, Alexander Blandowski and John Stimpson. Solemn high-mass was celebrated at the Cathedral by Father Brennan prior to the final interment of the deceased. Miss Laura Lee, whose right name was Eva West, was a native of Canada, where her father still resides. Her only relative in the United States is a sister married to a Mr. Romaine Soruce, and believed to be residing at Bradley, Maine, who was written and telegraphed to, but made no reply. Should this reach the eyes of any of her relatives, Mr. W. J. Gilmore of Mortimer's Varieties, will give all necessary information in regard to the demise of Miss Eva West, or, as she was professionally known, Laura Lee. The Kiralfys, with whom she was connected up to a short period before her death, and the company and attaches of Mortimer's Varieties, raised a subscription for the benefit of these unfortunate girl ladies. Miss Hess had relatives residing in New York City, and her remains were, by her dying request, sent to that city, encased in a handsome casket, although Mr. Mortimer generously offered to defray all the expenses of the funeral in Philadelphia, and interment in the lot along with the company's dead. The coroner's jury, Philadelphia, on the 20th inst. held an inquest on the body of Miss Hess, when Miss Donnelly testified that she was present at the time of the occurrence; that the deceased was standing in front of a stove, the door of which was open; some person opened the dressing-room door, and a sudden gust of wind caused the flames to come from the stove and envelope the body of Miss Hess. Charles Douglass testified that there had formerly been an iron screen around the stove, but that it had been removed some time ago, at the request, he believed, of the ballet-girls themselves. He also testified that there were cautionary notices posted in the girls' dressing-room and all over the building, directing the employes to beware of fire. Dr. Hinkle testified that he attended deceased, that she was severely burned about the neck, breast, arms and the lower extremities. After administering to her wounds, she appeared to improve until the eleventh day, when symptoms of lockjaw were visible, which eventually caused her death. The jury rendered a verdict in accordance with the foregoing evidence, that the deceased came to her death by tetanus, commonly called lockjaw, the result of severe burns received on the evening of February 5, 1874, at Mortimer's Varieties.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, with each succeeding week is introduced some agreeable and surprising novelty, the week before last by the production of "Inshavogue, or the Outlaw of '98," in addition to the graceful evolutions of one of the finest ballets in the country, headed by Mlles. de Rosa and Emma. James M. Ward as Bryan and Miss Winnetta Montague as Biddy in "Inshavogue" have ably supported their respective parts, the latter having a very fine voice, and her singing proved that she knew how to use it. Mr. Ward, Miss Montague, the Claire Sisters and Irwin Thomas closed on the 21st inst. The Royal Japanese Troupe, Miss Helene Smith, Harry Kernell and John S. Norton open on the 23d inst., in a programme speaking for itself in sensational drama of "Under the Gallows." John and Maggie Fielding and Harry Bryant open here on the 2d of March.

AT MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the attendance during the week ending February 21 was remarkably large. Miss Charlotte M. Sloan, in the drama of "Crime," Harry Watkins and Lizzie Sherman, and Maffit and Jeffries were the new faces. The Dutch specialties of Harry Watkins and Lizzie Sherman deserve special mention for excellence. Maffit and Jeffries are two admirable gymnasts. The principal feature in Miss Sloan's programme, however, was the drama of "Crime." The leading part, Madge, was performed by Miss Charlotte M. Stanley, displaying therein her dramatic abilities in a most efficient manner. Primrose and West closed on the 21st inst. St. George and Gibbons are the new faces on the 23d. Miss Stanley, during the second and last week of her engagement, will appear in her dramas of "Crime" and "Fight for Life." Sam S. Sanford retires from the stage-management on the 28th, and will be succeeded by Mr. O. B. Collins, who, with Miss Kate Raymond, will open on the 2d of March.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION will be at Stamford, Ct., Feb. 25, Yonkers, N. Y., 26, Newburg 27, Poughkeepsie 28, Rondout March 2, Kingston 3, Hudson 4, Albany 5, Troy 6, Cohoes 7. The manager states that he is doing the biggest business of his life. A first-class $1 corned pipe is wanted, and Mr. Washburn would like to hear from the French twin sisters. See advertisement.

MARIE VESTVALI, whose address is care of this office, can be engaged from Feb. 23 to March 28.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD at Diefenbach's Variieties, Scranton, Pa. Nellie Forrester and Johnny Burton appeared Feb. 16. Fulton Meyers (late of Queen's Circus) is a favorite. Messrs. Harrison and Fox were tendered a benefit on Feb. 20, which was well attended.

JOSEPH SANFORD, who does a fine horizontal-bar act; J. E. Taylor, Ethiopian comedian; and Fanny Morello, serio-comic singer, were added on Feb. 16 to the Atlanta Large Company at Louisville, Ky., where a very enjoyable programme was presented to good-sized audiences. The departures were Johnny Bartley and Fanny Duane to Acker's, Troy, N. Y.; Minnie Hall to Washington; R. W. Smith to Scranton, Pa.; Annie Mack goes to Philadelphia; and Frank Lee, who left with us, goes home to New York. Maggie Stanley, Eva Girard, Welch and White, and Billy Ray and son will make their first appearance, and Charley and Alice Gleason and Sallie Swift will reappear on the 23d.

CHAS. AND CARRIE AUSTIN and the Foy Sisters were the new faces at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., on Feb. 16. Dick Parker was re-engaged for one week. The ballet "Visions of Dreamland" was continued. Fred Wilson's songs, Hurley and Marr's songs-and dances, Carrie Armstrong and J. H. Larkin in the Cymbonic sketch "The Fat Drum Major," and Polly Daly in a bouquet of melodies, were nightly recalled. The evening's entertainment closed with "The Persecuted Dutchman," J. H. Larkin as the persecuted Teuton. After the performance on Tuesday night, 17th, a grand Mardi Gras masked ball was given, which filled the auditorium to overflowing. On the 23d Hughes Haverly, Carrie and Scott, Lola Mattice, and Frank and Eva Bennett will appear.....At Deegle's, the Worrell Sisters were re-engaged, appearing in "Lalla Rookh." On Friday and Saturday, "Fra Diavolo" was given. Mr. S. S. Moldrum was the new appearance in his specialty entertainment. Sig. Constantine and Jaques Krugar are as funny as ever in the pantomime "Nicodemus, or Baked Alive."....At Looney's and Underwood's business has been fair, and no changes have been made. Correspondence dated Feb. 20.

LEE'S OPERA-HOUSE, St. John, N. B., is reported as doing an excellent business under the management of Pete Lee, assisted by Harry Leslie, business manager, with the following company: Ed. Chrissie, Albert Lamont, M. Gorman, George Moore, George Nelson, M. O'Rea, Hugh Campbell, Charles Fairbanks, Jennie Lamont and Kate Fairbanks. On the closing this week, and on the 23d Pete Lee, Mr. Leslie and Mlle. Henrietta are announced.....Jas. McDonald the skate-dancer was arrested after the performance at the Detroit Theatre Comique on Feb. 13, charged with criminal intercourse with his little daughter Baby McDonald. Being arraigned, he pleaded not guilty, and was remanded to the 20th, when his trial took place. In connection with the above Manager Welch and George Ware had a serious altercation in the Star saloon on the 16th, out of which two suits have arisen, preferred by Mr. Ware, a criminal and a civil suit claiming $25,000 damages, to come off on June 24th. Mr. Ware at present being confined to his bed. [LATER.—McDonald was honorably discharged at his trial to-day (20th), and it is now apparent that the whole thing was "a put-up job." McDonald and Baby McDonald open in Cleveland, O., March 2.] Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Toledo, O., business continues moderate. The Henri Family, Agnes Sutherland and Charlie and Addie Castello opened on Feb. 16. The Henri Family do the best triple slide we have ever witnessed. La Belle Flora is especially deserving of praise. They are immense favorites. Miss Agnes Sutherland was frequently encored. The Castellos do a fair double-trapeze act, although they labor under the disadvantage of performing under a low ceiling. Lew and Frank Collins close Feb. 21, and then go to Louisville for three weeks, Saginaw four weeks, returning here on April 27. Mlle. Lea, Dan Howard and Robert V. Ferguson open 23d, and Walter and Lizzie Bray March 2.....Madame Lopez and Family and Frank J. Le Roy performed in Monroe, Mich., Feb. 19, to a good house.....Dan Shelby was here Feb. 20, 21. Route: Adrian, Mich., 23, Jackson 24, Grand Rapids 25, 26, Detroit 27, 28, Cleveland March 2, 3, Akron 4, Meadville, Pa., 5, Oil City 6. Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

AT THE ODEON, Newark, N. J., Foley and Wade, Tommy Dayton, and Annie Rattelle were announced for Feb. 16, but failed to put in an appearance. Their loss was paid for by the engagement of W. Ashcroft and Miss Kitty Brooks. Those closing on the 21st were Annie and Andy Hughes, Prince d'Jalma, Alice Bennett and the Jee Children. Announcements for 23d: Jas. E. Carton, Little Josie, the Daley Bros., the Grimley Children, Harry Lang and Fred Sharpley.

HARRY GURR the "man-fish" is to perform one week at Rochester, N. Y., beginning Feb. 23; then two weeks at Troy, two at Cleveland, O., then to Quincy, Ill., to join W. W. Cole's Circus.

ALLEN, HART & RYMAN'S Specialty Troupe performed at Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 20, New Haven 24. Route: Hartford 23, 24, Providence, R. I., 25, 26, 27, 28.

CHARLES VINCENT, character comedian, vocalist and dancer, and Amelia Dean, comedienne and dancer, are at present engaged at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., where they can be addressed.

CHARLEY GARDNER, "Hop Light Loo," and Master Charley advertise that they will be at liberty after Feb. 29.

THE NEW FACES at the Metropolitan Theatre, Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, were Miss Carrie Woods, Katie Gray, Lester and Allen and R. Jean Buckley. The attendance was rather light. The departures Feb. 21 were Lester and Allen to Aime's, Pittsburgh; Harry Eagan, Baltimore; Agnes Robertson and Katie Gray, no engagements. The announcements for Feb. 23 are Josephine Walby, Louise Edwards, Ella Sheldon, Clara Moore, Kirk and Drew.

AT THE DEPOT THEATRE COMIQUE five new people were added on Feb. 16. Susie Starr in a Greek hornpipe exhibited rare artistic qualities as a danseuse; her wardrobe also was very handsome. Eugene Gorman gave a flutina solo that was good, but the musical rhythm was unsatisfactory. A clog dance by John Cannon served to introduce new and difficult steps. Pete Cannon in his Irish songs was recalled. In his extemporaneous songs, Joe Gulick was cute and very funny, meeting with success. The minstrel scene closed the performance, Walter Bray as tambo and Charlie Benedict as bones. No changes this week, and on the 23d Ben Morris and Mlle. Henrietta are announced.....Jas. McDonald the skate-dancer was arrested after the performance at the Detroit Theatre Comique on Feb. 13, charged with criminal intercourse with his little daughter Baby McDonald. Being arraigned, he pleaded not guilty, and was remanded to the 20th, when his trial took place. In connection with the above Manager Welch and George Ware had a serious altercation in the Star saloon on the 16th, out of which two suits have arisen, preferred by Mr. Ware, a criminal and a civil suit claiming $25,000 damages, to come off on June 24th. Mr. Ware at present being confined to his bed. [LATER.—McDonald was honorably discharged at his trial to-day (20th), and it is now apparent that the whole thing was "a put-up job." McDonald and Baby McDonald open in Cleveland, O., March 2.] Correspondence dated Feb. 19.

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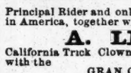

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